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Accordion Plaiting
In Practical Use
on All Kinds
of Material
for the Last
Twenty Years

THE PIONEER

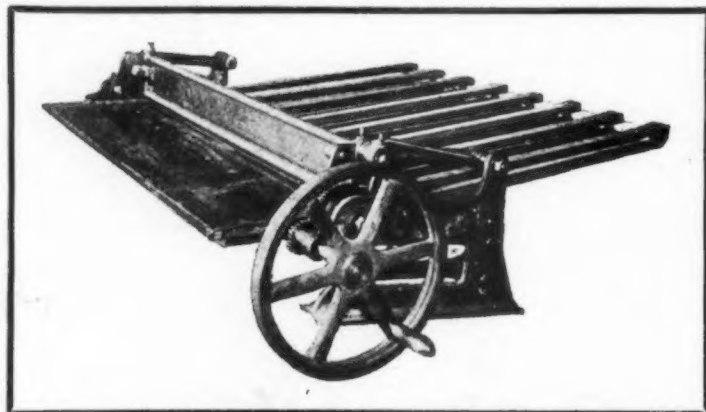
French Accordion Plaiting Machine

Patented April 30th, 1901.

Advantages Over All Other Machines

IT IS easily and readily adjusted from $\frac{1}{8}$ inch plait to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch.
IT WILL plait a circular skirt $\frac{1}{8}$ at top, graduated to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch at bottom.
IT WILL plait any material from chiffon to hair cloth, hemmed or seamed—in fact, any fabric without injury.
IT WILL plait heavy paper for accordion plaiting forms.
THE GOODS are plaited into a reefing frame and then removed to the steaming box for setting.
ABSOLUTELY the only accordion plaiting machine making a $\frac{1}{8}$ inch plait.
THE PRINCIPLE upon which this machine operates enables it to do more perfect work and run faster than any other accordion plaiting machine, either by hand or power. Do not buy a machine until you have examined this one.
THIS MACHINE IS MADE IN THREE WIDTHS.

60 in. wide... \$500
48 in. wide... 300
36 in. wide... 250



FULL DIRECTIONS go with the machine.

Prices

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18 in. wide... 20.00

The New Pioneer Accordion Plaiting Machine

THE MOST COMPLETE Accordion Plaiting Machine ever invented. This machine adjustable to any size plait. Runs by hand or steam power.

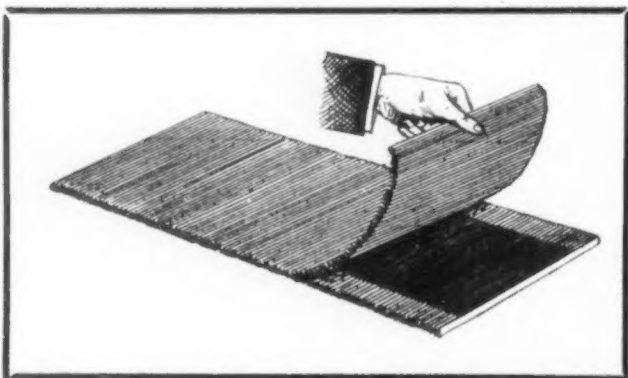
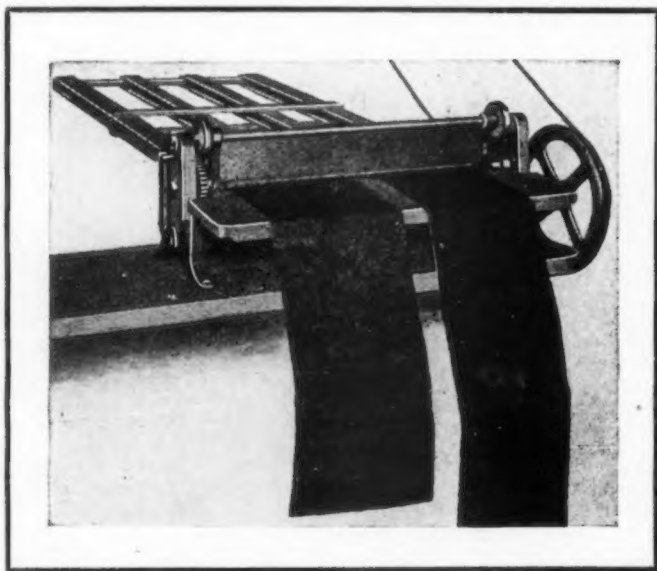
ATTACHMENT for steaming and drying. No paper used. Goods finished when coming out of machine.

20 in. wide... \$125

The New Accordion Plaiting Machine

(Just Patented.)

DOES AWAY with hand work.
NO MORE sore fingers.
ANY CHILD can operate it.
A COMPLETE Accordion Plaiting Machine.
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WILL PLAIT goods up in five minutes.



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MY PAPERS are made from the very best prepared manilla paper, are substantial, and can be used a thousand times. They will not make the goods wavy, always remaining straight.

I OFFER these papers at a very low price, so you can do your own Accordion Plaiting. Full directions for making Accordion Plaiting with every paper.

A SAMPLE of $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of Accordion Paper sent by return mail on receipt of 50c.

THESE PAPERS sold cheap. All widths up to 48-inch made.

7 in. wide... \$1.50
48 in. wide... 16.00

INVENTOR and first manufacturer of plaiting paper by machinery.

H. S. BROWN, Inventor, 92 White St., New York



FASHION CHAT



are particularly fetching, especially in the zibeline mixtures with black and white. A red and black mixed zibeline, sprinkled over with white hairs and showing touches of black and white in the trimmings makes a most effective frock. The only point, or rather drawback, against a red gown is that of being so uncompromising. They do not combine readily with other wardrobe items and they are too striking to be advisable for the woman of few gowns. Many exceedingly attractive combinations are found in the yellow, ochre and full orange tints with the browns, blues and greens.

Nine-tenths of the models shown are of zibeline. In the lighter colors however, and in the more dressy tailor made smooth broadcloths and panne cloths are the most favored. For general wear the motto is "the shaggier the better." Some of the gowns of these shaggy materials show trimming that seems inappropriately elaborate, exquisite embroidery on white cloth being one of the favorites. For the zibelines the embroidery used by the best Paris houses, such as Paquin, Doucet, etc., is done in wool crewels rather than in silks. The shaggy material is often combined with a smoother cloth, either for gowns or separate coats for outside wear.

The very rough cloth coats in exceedingly fine quality are decidedly the most chic if one leaves furs out of the question. The special feature is that none of the shops carry a line of these coats ready-made, and they are seen only in the models imported by the most exclusive tailors. Some of the long-skirted coats are very fetching for those to whom they happen to be becoming. The Norfolk jacket is decidedly chic and graceful, but is used for suit jackets rather than for outside coats, and, besides being attractive, has a youthful air. Some of the prettiest outing costumes are made with a Norfolk jacket either belted down all around or belted across the sides and back.

For the woman who can wear it nothing is sweller than the perfectly severe, long-skirted, slightly cutaway jacket, worn with an elaborate waistcoat and a plain gored skirt. An imported costume made upon such a model is of rough black and white goods and is absolutely untrimmed save for chased oxydized silver buttons. The double-breasted vest or waistcoat is of very heavy pale-tan silk embroidered in a charming Pompadour design with dull blues, rose, green and silver. Another gown in mixed red and black zibeline is trimmed with bands of stitched white cloth and a green gown is also combined with white cloth.

* * *

In Paris at the present moment the white gown reigns supreme, being a sequence of the

Czarina's visit to the gay French capital. It is a well-known fact that the Empress of Russia has a particular fondness for white and white cloth for day, or rather carriage wear and white for evening is the *dernier cri*.

The skirts of almost all the tailor costumes are severely plain. Even strapping is not used so much as formerly. The one great essential is that the skirt shall cling down to the knees and then flare widely, this flare being gained in various ways. A very graceful hanging skirt consists of narrow gores shaping out in a pretty flare at the feet and fitting the hips perfectly without even an inch of extra material except directly in back, which shows inverted plaits. Other skirts show lapped seams stitched down to give the appearance of narrow plaits. Some of the trimmings seen are tucks, bands, cross-wise straps of velvet, very short and finished at the edge with galoon. Braid is arranged in a similar way and some of the flounces show pipings of silk. The length of the skirt is the same except for the street gown made plainly for morning wear, which is short in comparison with the others. The smart woman now considers two tailor gowns requisite for her wardrobe, one very plain and the other as dressy as the tailor can produce.

* * *

In coats a seemingly endless variety exists in all gradations of length from Etons to redingotes and many of the evening wraps are modeled on the kimona—a sort of glorified kimona consisting of an amalgamation of Japanese outlines and French ideas. It is decidedly picturesque. One of the most useful garments is a cloth Raglan, either in Oxford mixture or in black, trimmed at the edges with embossed velvet galoon, or in the more dressy coats a wide facing is seen on the fronts, of white cloth trimmed with scarlet straps drawn through velvet rings, which is decidedly effective when the fronts are turned back in broad revers extending the whole length of the garment. Velvet coats in three-quarter length, as well as Louis XV. coats, will be much worn. The sleeves in coats generally are plain at the shoulder widening into a flowing shape at the wrist and showing a turned-back cuff, which is covered with embroidery or fur. Some of the short, loose-fitting garments are belted in at the waist with folds of silk or of velvet with steel or jet embroidery. This latter idea is much liked for the centerpiece of the Robespierre collar and is not infrequently of elastic studded with steel or jet nail-heads.

Some of the long coats have no trimming around the hem save rows of stitching, but they open up the sides fully half a yard.

PICTURESQUE effects modified to suit tailor standards are the leading note in the winter fashions and there will have to be some fine discriminations in making selections—in other words, in suiting the mode to the woman—or they will become grotesque. Velvet and fur are used lavishly, together with elegant lace, forming about the most expensive trinity which materials can produce. Besides velvet gowns we have velvet trimmings of all kinds, sometimes assuming a peculiarity of combination that is certainly unique. It is evident that the briar stitch, French knots, tucks and velvet ribbon are features of trimming not to be ousted this season, but gold, which glittered everywhere last winter, is conspicuous by its absence. It is used very gingerly, if at all, and more particularly in small gold buttons than in any other form, yet here and there, especially in Paris models, you see a touch of gold. The fad and fancy of the moment, illustrated by the gold braid, does not meet such a vehement favor in Paris or Berlin as it does in our own country, where nothing kills a certain style quicker than too much popularity. Abroad the smart set manages to retain something exclusively its own, and this is evidenced this season again by the discreet use of gold braid and gold threads mingled with fancy galoon in Oriental colors.

* * *

As regards colors, following black and white, the greens seem to be chief favorites, judging from the quantities of patrons of our leading shops, who are all selecting green gowns. The chances are that later in the season we will be unutterably tired of the endless repetition of the various shades of green that will be as plentiful as the tints of a summer forest. The reds

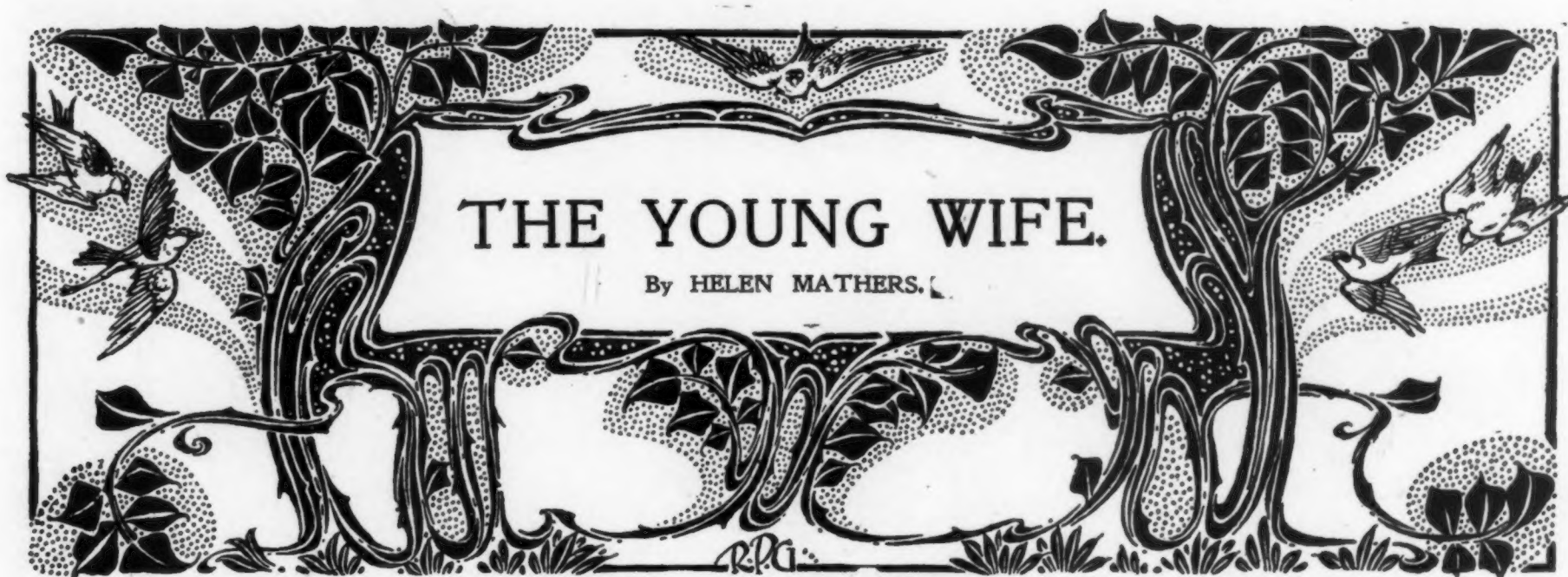


SAISON
D'HIVER
1901-1902

SPORTING COSTUMES.

(Described on page 38.)

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CHAPTER I.
IN THE PARK.

"And youth puts in
A glad sweet time
Nor reck's of winter."

"THERE goes the New Lady Teazle."
"What beautiful young people they are,"
said the woman. "They dazzle one's
eyes."

"Yes—youth to youth—age to age,"
said the man. "Ah! these roomy years of youth
—what a gorgeous, splendid garden. Neighbors
in the country, weren't they? Seem to have got
nearer in town. But, really—Falaise on that box-
seat! There's no doubt that Percy has behaved
badly. He should have wiped the slate clean be-
fore he married. It's not the behavior of a gen-
tleman—"

"Oh! I'm not sure it matters about his being
a gentleman—but he must be a man. Who cares
for conduct nowadays. I heard Upthorne say
the other day that character was of importance
only for men, (and more especially women)
whose livelihood was dependent on it—and he had
more than enough money for his needs. And to
call her the New Lady Teazle is ridiculous.
Where are Sir Benjamin Backbite and Mrs. Can-
dour, and the rest of that witty, delightful crew?
If Sheridan returned to earth he would not know
the Josephs from the Charles Surfaces! All the
zest of conversation is gone now that we are
careful to shut our mouths about our neighbor's
misconduct, so that they may ignore ours! In
short, society is one huge sheep-pen, in which the
blackest are reckoned the whitest, and get the
most fun!"

"You exaggerate. Well, to my mind, Percy's
a fool. Beauty is what a man can very well do
without (or ignore) in his wife. But her lady-
ship is going the right way to make Percy gen-
uinely in love with her! She shuts her eyes,
takes her pleasures abroad; there's nothing binds
a man so securely to his home as to meet his wife
often in society, where she is as charming to him
as to her other acquaintances."

"Yes—there's a great deal in that. Anything
that averts the awful duet (or duel) of everlast-
ing propinquity must be salutary. It's a very
great mistake for any woman to fix the idea of her
unalterable virtue in her husband's mind. Men
are gregarious; where one goes, others flock."

"But how came Percy Winter in that *galère*?
No man has been more pursued by women—or
more dexterous in evading the matrimonial yoke
—and then—Falaise!"

"Yes. When the aisle is free, suitors will block
it, but when the object of pursuit is at the altar,
has retired into the vestry with one woman, the

crowd usually departs—mostly without breaking
windows—and Falaise has broken none—on the
contrary, she has taken the girl to her bosom,
and is teaching her bridge!"

"How did it happen?"

"Idleness. Country. Falaise abroad. A lovely
rustic, eager to see life. And Percy, if twenty
years older, is very charming. 'Not too much of
anything,'—said a profound epicure—'in food, or
in love, or in any good thing of life'—well, Percy
has followed that recipe—and is younger at heart
than you, *mon ami*. And she's happy. Look at
her bloom, hear her laugh! So long as a man
tells a woman that he loves her for one hour out
of the twenty-four, she supports with equanimity
the thought that he is kissing another, or others,
the remaining twenty-three. It is when he neg-
lects that one hour, she finds she can't support
his faults—it's his absence that brings them home
to her!"

"Now—Barbara—"

"I suppose it's the light and shade of character
that make a bad man so fascinating—and the one
who is an irritant, and annoyance, acts as a mus-
tard plaster—the merely good one is a soporific!
And undoubtedly the reason why unsatisfactory
men are so loved is that they don't demand so
high a standard of conduct in women as the
higher type does!"

"Then if that's the case, you ought to love me—
but you don't."

"No. I value your affection too much to run
the risk of losing it. The point is—does Percy
love her?"

"I should say not, or he would not allow her a
Jack Patterson."

"That's where he is so wise. A woman can
always be trusted with a young man—he hasn't
had time to grow thoroughly wicked! Here
comes the coach. Falaise is growing stout. It's
one long struggle with her between gluttony and
her waist, and as there are a thousand ways of
gratifying the palate, and only one waist, natu-
rally her figure goes to the wall. When your hands
feel a temptation to spray over your person, the
game is up. Look at half the rich women driving
about town—either they should build their bar-
rouches deeper, or make their figures shallower."

"But they're very happy!"

"I'd rather be miserable. Bridge is Falaise's
Anti-Fat, still it reduces her less than—"

"Percy's balance at his bank."

"But she's awfully fascinating—all 'frills, curls,
kisses, smiles and tantrums'—the Josephine type
of woman who has no intellectual pursuits what-
ever, but is so delightfully feminine and limited
that all men love her dearly for her folly! That
she doesn't really care for Percy—and I shrewdly
suspect his wife does—is one more to Falaise."

"I don't agree with you. 'If she be not fair for
me'—lots of men feel like that—I know I do."

"Do they? I was reading the other day the
love letters of a certain Marquise to her husband
during his fifteen years' captivity. The man was
the lowest type of scoundrel—she an angel—and
after he had heaped every outrage possible on
her, and finally accused her of infidelity, she
wrote: 'If you are capable of poniarding me under
the present circumstances it would be a happi-
ness to me not to exist longer.' Scrawled on the
margin of this piteous letter by its unworthy re-
cipient, we find the reflection: 'Quelle platitude,
grand Dieu! Quelle platitude!' That is what
every one of you men would say—if you dared."

"She wrote too often—she bored him. You
rarely write to me—and you never bore me!"

"I wish I could say the same for you. Well, I
always thought Mohammed misunderstood the
male human heart when he promised to the faith-
ful throughout eternity a fresh houri every day.
He should have said if they could catch them.
Why has golf caught on? Because the ball has
gone we know not where, and we mean to find it.
We should never walk after it with such eager-
ness if we knew where it was—it is the doubt and
the search that enthral us. How dull a black and
white and gray crowd is! This season is like an
Irish wake with the whisky left out."

"Yes, but it saves the color-blind woman from
making an exhibition of herself. The lunatics in
that respect now walk clothed, and in their right
minds."

"But that does not make up for the dullness.
We have no use even for our social Post Office—
Mrs. Warren—to whom we used to go for the
lost, stolen and strayed of society, sure at one
time or another to be found in her drawing-
room!"

"Ha, ha! Did you ever hear the story about the
two men, apparently strangers to each other, who
were about to fight a duel? One said, 'I am sure
I have met you before.' To which the other re-
plied, 'Then it must have been at Mrs. Warren's!'"

"That sounds like truth. Isn't that Mrs. White
over there? How ill she looks! And she was
so pretty and nice . . . but since she became
a Stock Exchange woman . . . it's worse
than bridge—all those girls just growing up, too,
and White's a dear—and her financier such a
brute—how could such men get into society if the
women didn't gamble, and on such a huge scale?
It is possible to get out of one's dressmaker's
clutches—even to be ruined decently, over bridge
—but the Stock Exchange for a woman may
mean the blackest of black dishonor."

"Well—thank God, Barbara, you've kept clear
of the whole plot."

"Yes. But it has been dull."



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SMART TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 38.)

"And take my word for it, the others have their dull moments too. Else why do they invariably end up by becoming dévotée? Because they have lived, and didn't think much of it; it's those who haven't lived who credit vice with a joy it never possessed!"

"I wonder? But at least with every year my demands become less and my charity grows. What is it, this inner yielding of the spirit—is it age?—is it chilled blood?—is it the nearing of the end of the journey?—seeing what we could not at a distance? And death is only painful to those who are left behind."

"You've got the blues. It's all this beastly weather."

"Dick, don't you think life is like holding a stall at a bazaar, infinite worry and trouble—and the end? A few articles displayed for sale—and a grinning weary woman to sell them—and no buyers! Or like an elegant saloon to furnish and arrange—and we plan everything—and think how nice it looks—and a crowd comes in, and mixes it all up, and nothing is where we meant it to be—and oh! the breakages!"

"Lunch time," said the man, jumping up. "Ah! here comes Lady Teazle. How warm and quick her smile is . . . she likes you, and may want you for her friend yet . . ."

"And I won't fail her. It's the only thing we poor women can do, to help one another."

CHAPTER II.

"Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibers of the human heart."

"Good heavens, Livy! Has Tiffany's upset itself in here? Or have you turned the place into a mart for all the jewelers, silk manufacturers, curiosity dealers and milliners in town?"

"You dear boy," cried Percy's young wife, rushing at him. "Come and look at some of the things Percy and I have been buying!"

"Your river forgot-me-nots matched your eyes far better," grumbled Jack, scarcely glancing at the rivièrè of great turquoises and diamonds she held out towards him.

"It's all like a dream, Jack," she cried, joyously pushing the hair back from her forehead. "Two months ago, there was I dreading the butcher's bill, wearing a shabby old frock that I had made myself, not a soul to speak to—"

"Except me."

"Poor papa's tempers the only distraction—" "Which you could always get away from if you liked, and you had your garden:

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot, fringed pool, ferned grot!
The veriest school
Of peace, and yet the fool
Contented that God is not.
Not God! in gardens? when the eve is cool?
I'm very sure God walks in mine."

"And you mean to say that you don't miss it?—that all these manufactured things make you happy!"

"They wouldn't"—and she blushed shyly—"but for Percy. Oh! Jack, isn't it curious how the people you are living with set the tune? You may be a genius or a hero, but if those at home don't think so, a blight settles on your self-respect, and you end by thinking the world must be wrong and they right! Even a sorry fellow, exalted by his home circle into a splendid creature, may come at last not only to think himself, but in a way be one. His wings may really grow, because he is so often assured that they are there, and Percy is so sweet to me that he actually makes me good! Much as I value all he gives me, I value him most of all!"

"Humph!"

"Jack, poverty and sordid worry turn you into a savage. Did you ever know any one so completely keep her virtues in the background as I did at home? If he had not come, I should have been a hard, bitter-tongued shrew before I was twenty!"

Jack groaned. How much longer a woman stayed in a fool's paradise than a man! Aloud he said, "Why weren't you on the box-seat of Percy's coach yesterday?"

"Jack! My husband and Falaise Conroy are such old friends, and people of that age have so much in common; not that I mean Percy old—I like a man to be old, but not a woman; and to tell you a secret I feel that she has a claim upon me—for I'm sure she wanted to marry Percy herself!"

"A pity she didn't."

"Jack, you're cross. Look at this scarab, and that parasol handle. Life's lovely—just lovely! I've got everything I wanted—even to having an old friend like you about the place—for I confess that though I like the things and amusements, the people in town bore me. And they have such funny ways. At my afternoon reception last week a lady sent up word to me by one of the men that she had not time to come up stairs—she had only looked in for some tea!"

"Beautifully characteristic of the manners of the day. I don't wonder at people making friends of the lower orders—there's so much more heart in 'em. But, my dear girl," he glanced around helplessly at the amazing litter of laces, fans, furs, bibelots, silks, jewels and a thousand other necessities of a woman of fashion—"for Heaven's sake don't be vulgar," he added, and lifted an armful of costly finery from an easy chair, and sank down on it.

"Oh!" cried Livy in a rage, "if I was a poor country girl, I was rich in friends—richer far than in town—and, of course, I send presents to every one of them. Some are for myself. Jack," she added in a gentler tone, and caught up a foam of cambric and held it to her cheek—

"Perhaps I do know," he said grimly. "Oh, yes, the screen is down at last, and the wives and the others face each other, and their weapons must be the same!"

"Poor boy! I always thought it so hard on you men that nowadays you wear no frills. For when you did, you were such pretty fellows! Jack, I'm growing very fond of bridge, and it's so fascinating. It's like whist, and do you remember

how you laughed when I said it was the only game of cards I cared for, as I could talk all the time? What are you glowering about now?"

"Livy," said Jack, sitting up with energy, "you are one of those rare people who undervalue their beauty to the extent of being vain, and what will Percy say if you lose your good looks? Just listen. This is what bridge will do for you. Bridge channels a woman's face, wilts her, scorches her, makes her unprincipled; willing to rob her own child to pay her debts of honor—honor! Bridge finds a woman, and leaves garbage. Even if Percy can afford to pay for two sets of gambling debts—"

"Two!" cried Livy, "and pray who is the other?"

Hugh colored and cursed himself for a fool.

"Doesn't he play himself?"

"No. And he did not seem to wish Falaise to teach me either."

"So she taught you? O-oh! Well, drop it, Livy, and while you're about it, drop her."

Livy hesitated. "She is very kind—but somehow—don't you think every man Jack and woman Jill of us has his *aura*? And that a person may not even look at, or say one word to you, and yet you know he is all right, and another will single you out to be everything that's kind, yet you feel in your bones he is all wrong? It is the *aura* or spiritual atmosphere of the person, that can't lie, if only your perceptions are true enough to feel and know it."

"And if they warn you against Mrs. Conroy so much the better," said Jack, grimly. "Now Barbara Crichton is another pair of shoes—in the world, not of it—and you couldn't have a safer guide."

"I like her; but she's so clever! Why should she notice a country girl like me? But I understand all she says. It bites. What the others say slithers off my mind. It sometimes strikes me that these society women don't want you to understand what they mean!"

"And if the men try to explain themselves they are impertinent. The only time they are genuine is after dinner," said Jack. "Then their minds revert to the natural—to the true proportion of things, and they are oblivious of, or indifferent to, the false. And so the man speaks the truth. And Percy doesn't drink—"

"Jack, you are hateful—and envious. Manners



BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

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were in vogue when Percy was born, and he outshines all other men as easily as—"

"These gauds outshine a simple country house, and an honest man's devotion. It's true I couldn't turn your morning-room into a heaped-up bazaar—"

"Into which you shall come no more," cried Livy warmly, "and where you have no business at this moment. It seems to me that all the lacqueys fall over each other in their haste to show you up."

"Impudent varlets," grumbled Jack.

"And it's quite extraordinary how you are always asked to the same houses for week-ends! You are going to the Annandale's on Friday?"

"Yes."

"And, of course, Falaise Conroy is going. Couldn't you take her off Percy's hands sometimes—and leave him to me?"

"No, I can't!"

"Poor thing—to be as old as that—quite forty—and she must have been so pretty once!"

"Percy seems to think her pretty now!"

"Ah!" cried Livy, eagerly, "that is because he is so kind hearted—he hates wounding any one's feelings."

"It's to be hoped he'll never hurt yours."

"Nor I his," cried Livy, with spirit.

"Then perhaps some one else has a monopoly of making him miserable," said Jack, disentangling his foot from a length of lace into which he had angrily thrust it. "Any way, I'd have paid you a better compliment than to look as he does."

"But he is happy," cried Livy, very pale, but with head in the air. "And surely I ought to know!"

"The holidays of miserable men are sadder than the burial days of kings," said Jack concisely; "but I always said, and always shall maintain, that the richer the man, the more truly wretched he is. The rich have discovered thousands of fresh ways of making money, but have not yet learned the best mode of enjoying it. Now, it's the other way round with a woman. So long as she has *carte-blanc* to walk into any good shop in town and order every blessed thing she does, or does not want, she's happy."

"I suppose you'll say next that I married Percy because he could give me all—this?" cried Livy indignantly; "I didn't know if he were rich or poor when I first saw him, yet I was ready to follow him round the world before I had known him a week. I sometimes wish—I wish—that he could lose all his money, that I might prove how much I love him!"

"Well," said Jack grimly, and thinking of Falaise's huge gambling debts, "you may have your wish yet. Have you a goldsmith or dressmaker behind that screen by the door? I thought I saw it move."

He sprang up, and as he reached it, the door on the other side softly closed.

"Eavesdroppers!" he said; "but there was nothing to hear, save that you loved your lord. And after all—after all—"

"What?"

"It is sometimes safer for a woman to love her husband than for him to love her. What, Livy, tears? And for how many years have I tried to bring smiles to your face? . . . How do you do, Mr. Winter? No luncheon, thanks. I was on the point of leaving."

CHAPTER III.

She was a woman versed in the world
as sailor in his compass.

"And how is the new Lady Teazle this morning?" inquired Mrs. Conroy.

"She is well," said Winter, briefly; "young people are always well."

"Percy, you were a fool to take a young wife. I always told you you could not afford it."

"Not while you play bridge," he said.

"It's the only thing that keeps me down," she retorted.

"It wrinkles more than it reduces you," he said, his cold eyes resting on the pretty, faded face—and thinking of a very different one, fresh as the morning.

"I, too, was young once," said Falaise, who had at times an amazing *légèreté* of mind that astonished her lovers.

"Girls are flowers of life," he said, as if thinking aloud.

"And older, more experienced women are the fruit," snapped Falaise. "You can't eat a flower."

"It is possible to feast through the eyes," said Winter, who was acknowledged to be a man of fastidious taste.

"A feast that others also can enjoy," said Mrs. Conroy, significantly. "Jack Patterson, for example; why couldn't you let the child alone? You

men are such brutes; the moment you see a young girl's lovely face, you want to own it; you wipe out her graces as with a sponge, for girlish beauty never comes back. And at your age—to be made ridiculous—by a black-haired, blue-eyed rustic!"

"You mistake—her surroundings only were rustic. She comes of the very best blood. You must have observed in her the clear address that distinguishes birth from plebeian origin, the rulers from the ruled. And in cataloguing her charms, you forget her skin—apple blossom against the sable of her hair and lashes."

"Oh! she drinks no wine," said Falaise, with a sneer; "pure vanity, 'to keep her color fine.'"

"Jack is a good lad," said Winter. "But you have omitted my wife's greatest charm—her heart—the kindest heart in the whole world. She is a living contradiction to the axiom that there is only one thing a human being is safe never to repeat, something kind about somebody else. He will keep the secret virtuously—horses will not draw it from him, but the flier, the jeer, the unkind word come trippingly nineteen to the dozen. Now did you ever hear my wife say a word of scandal about any one?"

"Oh! she'll mend of that. When she finds every tongue clacking about her—she'll clack too."

"Then she will only have me to hear her. I am taking her in my yacht on a tour around the world—she has enjoyed the only tolerable month of the year—June—and, never having traveled, the idea delights her."

"You are going away," screamed Falaise, "after the infamous way you have treated me—leaving me to face all my debts and worries alone?"

"Falaise, I have given you enough money to keep a dozen families in luxury, and it has been as water spilled on the ground. I will not wrong my wife."

"Say it out," cried Falaise furiously, "that you love the fool, and want to be rid of me."

"Yes, I love my wife. If her beauty caught, it is her mind and heart that fixed me unalterably—"

"Suppose I tell her—"

"Falaise! But you will have to prove it."

"No, it is for you to disprove. And your visits here—"

"Only at your urgent request, as to-day—"

"Your putting me instead of your wife on the box seat of the coach—"

"Olivia insisted on it—she thinks youth should give way to age—"

"Age! I suffocate . . . Percy, you shall smart for this."

"So long as she doesn't, I'm happy. Come, Falaise, let us talk sense. You propose to give yourself away to my wife—incidentally to a world that prefers to pass by what it does not choose to see, and deeply resents the rude tocsin that summons it to look. Olivia will recover. Even in the country it sometimes happens that a man has an *affaire* before he marries—and she has not walked through life with those beautiful eyes of hers shut. Poverty teaches much."

"I will take her my bank book," said Falaise, trembling with passion; "she shall see your checks—"

"The privilege of an old friend," said Percy airily, "to help a lady in her little gambles . . . if that were to be relied on as incriminatory evidence, I fear half the men in society would be in the same boat."

"But I shall have had my revenge," cried Falaise, visibly staggered by his coolness.

"I never knew revenge pay a woman's debts yet," he said.

"Patterson can't pay hers. But there is always one who kisses, and one who pays."

"I mean to do both."

"And you think I am going to sit quietly down, tormented by duns and sneering acquaintances, to whom I can't pay my gambling debts, while you—you—I, Falaise—a deserted woman! Don't you know that while it is your wife's misfortune if you leave her, it is your crime if you abandon me?"

"I was a free man before I married, Falaise, and you were a free woman. I have been true to my wife—I shall continue to be so. My mistake has been in remaining on friendly terms with you, and assisting you with money. But I did not wish to soil my wife's mind and up to now the world has been kind, and told her nothing!"

"I shall not be so complaisant," said Falaise, tearing at the lace on her wrapper, with



THREE SMART BALL GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

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furious hands. "I will see her—I will tell her everything—and you may take her twice round the world before she will have forgotten it."

"She will come to me, and I will tell her the truth."

"Yes, but things will never be the same between you again. These young people have no mercy—and how will your cheques look, given to me since your marriage?"

"Come, let us drop heroics—tell me how much it will take to clear you? Give up bridge—and when we come back in a year's time, look my wife in the face, knowing that you have no more tried to injure her, than she has you."

"She took you from me!" flashed out Falaise, but she was clearly thinking, and to some purpose.

"She knew nothing about you. Probably she would have shown me the door if she had. How much, Falaise?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"You must be mad . . . you've had ten thousand in the last six months."

"Nevertheless, I cannot do with less. Either your Olivia is, or is not, worth it."

Percy got up, and took one or two turns round the room. He was a man of quick thought, and rapid decision.

"Yes," he said, deliberately, "I think it is worth it—to get rid of a woman like you, and keep from your touch a woman like my wife."

He sat down at a writing table, and drew out a cheque book.

"I see you came prepared," she said, torn between rage and greed.

"Yes. I keep my alms for you, and my heart for Olivia," he said, as he began to fill in the cheque. "I have post-dated it ten days," he added. "By that time we shall be gone. If you attempt to get at my wife before we leave, I warn you that I shall stop the cheque."

He took his hat, and went out without farewell. The cheque seemed to look her in the face like a bone flung to an outcast dog in the street.

For a moment a great horror seized her of this cursed gambling, which placed scores of well-born women like herself at the mercy of men, and that had at last even broken down Percy's exquisite courtesy toward women; she covered her face with her hands, and tears of shame rushed to her eyes.

At that moment a knock came at the boudoir door, and she sprang up, and passed quickly into her bedroom, that she might not be seen.

"I thought Mrs. Conroy was here," she heard a footman say; then there was the rustle of a woman's dress, and she softly closed the door, and set about obliterating the traces of her tears.

Olivia, for it was she, moved feverishly about the room, obviously in a state of great excitement, presently stooping to pick up a glove that had fallen beside the writing-table—had she not herself chosen that, and its fellow, for Percy, the preceding day? As she laid it down on the writing-table, his bold handwriting arrested her attention, and almost unconsciously she read the cheque through. So he gave his wife jewels and laces, and to the woman he loved, twenty thousand dollars at a time . . . Olivia had come here to demand the truth from Falaise . . . to show her the shameful, anonymous letter received an hour ago . . . and she found this. . . . she was answered already. . . .

What need was there of a vulgar scene of upbraiding, of a hateful, degrading quarrel of two women over one man? She would go away, and leave them free. As to the letter, she had it by heart . . . hurriedly she slipped it into a blank envelope, not pausing to address it, and with swift steps crossed the room, and passed out of it, just as the other door opened, and Mrs. Con-

roy came in, looking round in surprise at the empty room.

"What a fool I was to leave that cheque out," she said to herself; and, ringing the bell sharply, she asked who it was that had been shown up, and had left almost immediately?

"Mrs. Winter."

Falaise, left alone, trembled, and walked over to the writing-table, where lay Mr. Winter's glove, and beside it the cheque, and on the cheque an open envelope containing a letter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Un Chèvalier nien doutez pas,
Doit féir haut, et parler bas."

"Marie, will you go down stairs, and ask Thomas to tell Mr. Winter that my head aches, and I do not require any luncheon? Also, that I am not to be disturbed. I will ring if I want anything."

"Yes, ma'am."

Marie darkened the room, helped her mistress out of her gown, brought a white wrap, marveling at the trembling of the limbs it covered, then, having heaped the sofa with pillows and placed eau de Cologne on a little table close by, softly withdrew.

Livy sprang up, and locked the door after her, then the one leading to her husband's dressing-room, and stood listening for the knock that almost immediately came.

"Olivia," said her husband, but she made no answer.

He called her name again, asking to be let in, but at last he went away, and she blessed the good breeding that had never allowed him to intrude on her privacy, unless very sure of a welcome, and she had shown a like delicacy in her attitude toward him.

It had seemed a long minute of waiting to Percy before he went down to the dining-room, disturbed in mind at this new development that followed on a most harassing and annoying morning. Could it be that Olivia had heard anything? . . . from some good-natured friend? . . . or had that boy, Jack, who loved her, and hated him, blurted it out?

After making a pretence at luncheon, he went into the library, where he had left her writing notes when he went out that morning. Close to her chair, a crumpled envelope lay on the ground, and mechanically he picked it up, and saw it was addressed to his wife, and had "Private" written in one corner. The writing, obviously feigned, slanted backward, but struck him as familiar. . . . where had he seen it before? . . . He remembered now, it was that of a valet lately dismissed from his house for flagrant dishonesty, who had been with him some years . . . he had refused the scamp a character, and this was evidently his dastardly revenge—an anonymous letter.

He sighed. How impossible it is to get away from our ill-doing, or to confine its effects to our own selves . . . he must wait till she opened the door of her own accord . . . poor Livy! but yesterday so happy in all her gay possessions . . . and, better than that, she loved him more than all the gewgaws he had given her . . . he had heard her say so when he entered behind the screen, and he had gone away lest she suspected him of eavesdropping . . . it had been the happiest moment of his life . . . and to-day, to-day . . . he went toward the grand staircase, the servants were all below-stairs at dinner, only two aching hearts above—hers and his. . . .

Suddenly he saw her descending toward him, saw her before she saw him, a figure strange and unfamiliar to that house, for she wore the gown in which he had seen her first, a flowered muslin,

of which the roses had faded to pink with much washing, and on her head was the simplest straw hat to be found in her wardrobe. There was no rings on her hands, save a wedding one—gloves had not been thought of in her haste. As she set her foot on the last shallow stair, he stepped out from behind a statue, and faced her.

"Livy," he said, "where are you going?"

She swerved away from him as if he had been pitch, and said—

"That is my business."

"No, it is mine."

She was so tall that she almost stood level with him, and so beautiful that it seemed to him he had never really seen her before, so amazing were the blue of her eyes, the white of her skin, and the sable wings of her splendid hair.

"I am going to my father," she said, and the look in her eyes hurt him. "There are worse things in life than to be poor and shabby. I only take away from your house the one fetter that I would gladly break if it would give me back my freedom; yours you never lost."

"You shall go if you will," he said, gravely, "but first you will hear what I have to say," and he made a motion of his hand toward the library.

"What can you tell me!" she said, and her voice was like a moan. "I know—I know. And Jack knew too; everybody knew but me. But he wouldn't tell me; real love never harms what it loves, but I see now why he hated you."

Her husband led her by a fold of her dress into the library and shut the door.

"What was in that letter?" he said, and she grew calmer; his agony of mind was so visible in voice and eye.

She told him, word for word—few words—coarse words—burnt in for all time on her mind.

"And you believed it?" he said; "you would not give me the benefit of a doubt?"

"I think the horror, the shock of it, drove me mad . . . I went straight off to her . . . and her boudoir was empty, but in it were your glove, and your cheque . . . then I knew it was all true. Oh! we might have been so happy . . . people talk about the waste of this and that—it's the waste of love that sickens one. Surely it is as bad to be a monopolist in love, as the man who sweeps thousands of struggling men and women workers into his net, and sweats them all! Many a man keeps baskets full of love beside him, full in his starving wife's sight, and parts with it piece by piece—to other women. I have seen it in the country . . . it was my poor mother's lot . . . but I never thought it would be mine! 'She doesn't please me,' says the man—'therefore let her go!' The marriage service is a page to be laughed over—and thrown aside"—and Livy laughed wildly.

"Listen," said Winter, "I was Mrs. Conroy's lover, or banker—which you please—before my marriage. I have been her banker, but not her lover, since. I did not wish you to know the story—and this morning I bribed her with money to pay her gambling debts, that you never might know it."

"Then you ought to have married her—not me. Oh! I know there are unprincipled men in the world, but I didn't think nice men did these things—men like you."

"But you believe me, Livy?"

"I don't know . . . I said to Jack yesterday that life was lovely . . . but now it's . . . broken."

She turned away, and the look in her eyes rived his heart. It is a horrible responsibility to take away a happy, trusting child, and leave a seared, enlightened woman in its place. "It's the waste," she went on sadly, "love costs nothing—and it's the most beautiful thing in life—"

(Concluded on page 19.)



ATTRACTIVE SILK WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)

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MY LADY'S HAT AND ITS TILT.

ROSSES, immense in size, are a distinctive feature of millinery. Incongruous as they may seem for Winter garb they are none the less in evidence, and beautifully tinted velvet leaves are also used. Impeyan birds and feathers are employed for entire hats, the iridescent coloring being especially attractive, and when the head of the bird is used no other trimming is required, except, possibly, a rosette of velvet.

Toques of sable are very smart, provided they harmonize with the costume, and the combinations of fur, velvet and lace are very pretty. Toques vary in shape, but the tendency is toward a broad, round and rather flat shape. A particularly favored one is quite flat in front and raised at the back, turning up a little at both sides. A pretty model of this kind is made of pale gray panne, the edge trimmed with chinchilla, widening toward the back where a long buckle is the finish.

A three-cornered shape is quite a favorite. It turns back from the face at each side, and is trimmed with a large bow and buckle directly in front, or with two large pompons at one side. Made of black velvet with the brim composed entirely of folds, it is extremely stylish with the pompons and a large black velvet bow at the back. The Empire turban made of fur is another popular hat, reaching well over the face. The brim is quite full, and lace or mousseline embroidered with gold is draped partly over it, falling in soft ends at the back, where it is caught up with a large buckle and a velvet bow.

Whatever the style of hat, the outline is broad and low, the material soft and pliable—and another thing which is generally noticeable is that the hat either turns up directly at the back or decidedly down over the hair. Long, showy buckles and quantities of embroidery are very conspicuous among the hat trimmings, and there seem to be quite as many brims faced with chiffon folds and made entirely of chiffon, and quite as many airy decorations of tulle as in the early Summer.

Certainly, the hats are growing more elaborate all the time as regards the richness of materials. Fussy hats which show too much variety in the kinds of trimming are entirely out of date. The whole style of the hat depends on the grace of its outline and the particular arrangement of the soft materials of which it is made.

This is especially true of the fur hats, which, invariably, if they are up to date, are made with just one other fabric, which may be cloth, velvet or lace. Irish lace and sable form the most beautiful of all the fur hats, and as the lace is so becoming to the face, it is often used for the brim with a sable or mink crown. This kind of hat is very large and broad, something between a Spanish toque and a picture hat.

Fur toques are worn to a great extent. One of the prettiest is made of chinchilla with a fur crown and brim, which is something of the Marquise shape, and pale blue

panné is carelessly twisted around the low crown, fastening over on the brim where it dents in at the sides, with a handsome rhinestone buckle.

Cloth and velvet are combined to form the simple hat which is so stylish, but, as is the case in so many other things in dress, it is only the expert milliner who can make a success of this kind of simplicity.

In the evening all white hats are the thing, and

picture hats are here again with all the glory of nodding plumes.

So many lovely faces have been perpetuated in art, under this kind of hat that they never do quite go out of fashion. They are prettier and daintier now than ever before, because of the delicate materials used.

Ostrich feathers abound on the evening hats, both in long plumes and shorter lengths, and they match the hat in whatever color it may be.

Very dainty are some of the white hats of lace and chiffon trimmed with flowers, and the hat with lace falling a bit over the brim is one fancy for the woman to whom it is becoming. One pretty example of this has a graceful flat bunch of green velvet leaves, with no blossoms at all.

Other hats have encircling wreaths of flowers. A pretty youthful hat in white is made of Irish lace stretched on delicate wires to form a wide brim, edged with a line of blue velvet, which with lace forms the crown. A large bow of white satin ribbon lined with blue is the only trimming.

Of the illustrations on this page Fig. A shows a low, flat toque of sable, with crown of Irish lace over satin, and as garniture a full spray of pale pink roses with a few leaves. Fig. B is of cream guipure over cream satin, the brim faced with pale blue panne, and trimmed with two sable tails and heads, fastened with a fancy buckle. Fig. C is made of folds of black and white panne velvet, trimmed with a rosette of the same, and a handsome ostrich plume. The final illustration—D—shows a Marquise shape of shirred white chiffon, the brim faced with pale blue and bands of ermine. A large plume completes the garniture.

FANCY MUFFS AND BOAS.

Boas and fancy muffs are more popular than ever before. The vogue of these becoming dress accessories is due to the fact that they can be made of almost any kind of material, so long as it is fluffy. They lend an air of elegance and distinction to every toilette. Some very pretty ones are evolved of Louisine silk. One of pink in two shades was edged with narrow bands of black ostrich galloon. The silk is laid in plaits, very full, and forms a short cape and standing ruff. Long ends edged with ostrich bands fasten the ruff and fall below the knee.

Beautiful fancy muffs of heavy, cream lace, edged with fur, are an exquisite addition to an evening toilette, especially when they correspond with a picture hat.

A novelty is a long scarf of brown velvet, which was tucked its entire length to within three inches of its outer edges. These transverse tucks were about an inch in width. The lining or facing was of crêpe de Chine, plaited very full. A handsome muff to match was made of brown velvet and lined with crêpe.

A large fancy muff of light-blue panne velvet decorated with large soft bows of black velvet could be used with a handsome black toilette. Very full boas of plaited Malines net, both in black and white, are liked for evening wear. Wide, long scarfs of velvet, about a quarter of a yard in width and three yards long, are lined with white satin and decorated with flowers.

Everyone recognizes the dressy effect that is given even the plainest toilette by the addition of a fluffy chiffon boa, and their popularity is therefore easily understood.





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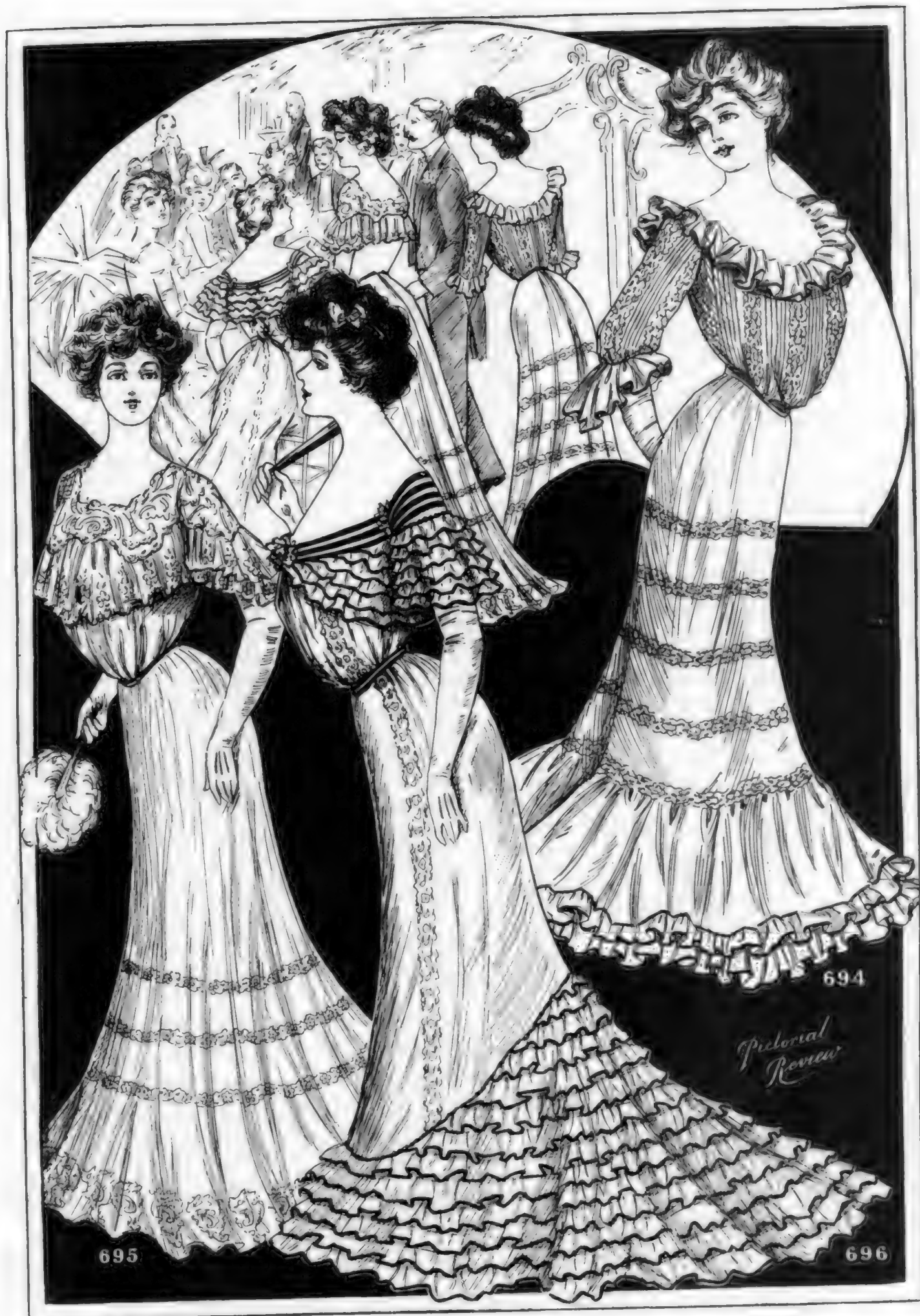


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*Pictorial
Review*

PRETTY EVENING WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)



CHIC BALL ATTIRE.

(Described on page 38.)



ATTRACTIVE STREET GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

PICTORIAL REVIEW.



Augusta Cottlow.
Lillian Bond.
Jean Gerardy.
Elba Kenny.
Fritz Kreisler.

Mary Howe.
Estelle Lieblich.
Mme. H. DeMoss.

Esther Palliser.
Helen Redmond.
Jos. Hoffmann.
Virginia Earle.
Gertrude Stein.

FAVORITES OF THE STAGE.



HANDSOME STREET GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

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THE YOUNG WIFE.

(Continued from page 11.)

"But I did love you, Livy," he cried, "I do. I am not a young man—I know my own mind. I never asked, I have never wanted any woman in the world for my wife but you. When I saw you—so simple, so brave, so sincere—making the best of everything—uttering no complaint—not one word of malice—of envy for more fortunate women—O! had I known that such a child was growing up in the country to make my life's happiness, I would have behaved differently."

"But, twenty thousand dollars!" she exclaimed. "Father and I lived all the year round on twelve hundred a year! And often I have been ashamed of my extravagance here!"

"You! you, poor little soul—nearly all you bought, you gave to others—while her mad folly——"

"O!" cried Livy, "I didn't know there was a woman in the world worth twenty thousand dollars!"

"If I had a million, I would put it down gladly for you," said Percy. "If I lost one"—he took her hand, and kissed it—"I know, from your own lips, that you would love me just the same!"

"When did you hear me say that?"

"Yesterday—I came in when you were talking to Patterson, and went out again—behind the screen."

The girl trembled violently, and he drew her into his arms, and held her there.

"It's the easiest thing in the world to go beyond one's self—it's the coming back that is such awful agony," she whispered.

A knock came at the door, and Percy put her in a deep arm-chair out of sight before he said, "Come in."

When the man had gone, he broke the seal of the envelope, and over the top of the enclosure showed the cheque he had given to Falaise.

"DEAR PERCY" (ran the missive)—"I return the cheque. Women are accorded the delightful privilege of bankruptcy nowadays, and I shall fully avail myself of it, marry Tony, and live abroad. Pray explain to the New Lady Teazle that a banker and a lover are two very different persons—and in your person never really amalgamated before your marriage; and that you have never, for one moment, been anything but my banker since. Wishing you both great luck on your little trip round the world, I am,
Yours sincerely,
FALAISE CONROY."

When Livy had read it, she sighed, then smiled, and put her arms round her husband's neck, and kissed him.

"Oh, these great ladies!" she said, then went up stairs to change her frock.

INCIDENTS SEEN ON THE WAY.

The car was quickly speeding on its way down town, but stopped long enough at one of the transfer streets for its occupants to witness a very pretty little scene of love and affection. The time was early morning, and crowds of little tots were on their way to school. Standing at the corner, waiting for the cross-town car, were a rather poorly dressed woman and three little girls. None of them were very pretty or sweet to look at in the way of perfect features; in fact, what little beauty they possessed was almost obliterated by the traces of poverty. They were thin, almost to the point of emaciation.

Each little girl carried a bundle of school books and was trembling and shivering with cold. The three children clustered around the woman, and looked up at her with eyes full of trust and confidence, while the love and affection that shone in each face might have formed a theme for a poet.

The car for which the woman was waiting came in sight, and she suddenly stooped to kiss her children, first the smallest one, who returned the kiss lingeringly and tenderly, then the next one;

and, finally, the oldest, who was, perhaps, about ten years, saying a few words, evidently of admonishment, to each one. With every sign of sadness the little ones turned away, but at every few steps each little head looked around, and a small hand was waved at the mother from whom they were to be absent for many long hours. Finally, the mother entered the car and, on the platform, she once again turned to take a last glimpse at her darlings, who were standing, three in a row, looking at her, still with that expression of trustful love, which was very beautiful to see. The hearts of all who witnessed this little scene grew warmer, and the writer, accidentally turning her head, saw sitting opposite her a woman clad in mourning and wrapped in costly furs, down whose face the tears were slowly coursing. Was it because the beautiful dignity of motherhood had been denied her, or was it because she was grieving for some lost treasure with soft, childish, clinging lips and arms? Who knows?

An alarming habit that seems to be growing and is bound to affect the digestive functions of future generations if it is catered to as at present is the food sample luncheon that is indulged in by women-shoppers, to an extent which proves that it can almost be called a vice.

At many of the department stores boasting of groceries in their basements or attics, purveyors of almost every variety of food, especially the tinned and bottled sorts, appeal to customers by means of samples. A good-looking and talkative girl presides over a table upon which the article to be advertised is attractively disposed on little china plates, with sometimes a napkin and silverware as an accompaniment. Oftentimes there is a boiling kettle for the brewing of tea, or a griddle upon which cakes are being baked to advertise some brand of flour.

The ostrich-like woman-shopper proceeds, systematically, from booth to booth, smilingly accepting and frequently requesting the food sample, and she stands and disposes of it, discussing its merits and demerits with the girl in charge. Nothing seems to daunt the appetite of the food sample fiend, who pursues her sketchy luncheon to the bitter end.

One of these copper-lined women was observed and followed the other afternoon by an earnest student of human nature. The woman began seriously enough with some potted ham on a sprig of lettuce, and then passed on to a booth where cups of orange juice were being ladled out. She partook of one of these and then ventured on a portion of lobster on more lettuce with a prepared mayonnaise dressing. Continuing, she had some rose-colored jelly, and then disposed of smoked beef and Saratoga chips, after which she had a cup of tea. She asked for a slice of pink and white cake, which she ate, and then wandered into a grove of pickle bottles, where she had chowchow and spiced cucumbers, rushing from this to a colored blanc-mange and two griddle cakes with a new sort of maple syrup.

She was now thoroughly warmed up to the sport, and had a soda cracker with some jam spread on top, and then tripped over to a counter where a cooked cereal was being handed around. Ice cream, made in a new-fangled freezer, was the next course, but she seemed by this time to be in a state of exaltation that did not question what the food was, so long as it was a sample. Really, human nature is a complicated thing, take it in whatever light you will, but, especially so in the "woman sampler."

THE TODD CORSET.

The celebrated Todd corsets are made from new designs, embodying the latest and most correct style of the French bias-cut corset. Since their

introduction they have attained an enviable reputation, and in fit, form and material are unsurpassed. The materials of which they are made are the best obtainable. Each corset is made strictly to order, and no finished corsets are carried in stock and cannot be bought except from one of their lady agents or at the factory fitting rooms, or at the branches in New York and Hartford, Conn. Their new model, straight front, low bust corset is very popular with well-gowned women.

The corsets are made in all grades. They are cheaper than many well-known ready-made corsets.

One of their distinctive features is that of being boned with aluminum.

THE NEW GAME OF FLINCH.

The new game of flinch, which was originated by A. J. Patterson, is a clever adaptation of fantan, and is most amusing and bright in rules and moves. Its popularity after only a short trial has been marked. Many flinch parties are given, and flinch clubs have been formed at which the sole entertainment is this game.

Flinch is played with a pack of 150 cards.

INTEREST IN AN INTERESTING FUNCTION.

"Mamma, when you sneeze a sneeze where does it go to?"

"It goes into the air, I suppose, dear."

"And when something scares it away and you don't sneeze it where does it go?"

"I don't know, child. Don't bother me."

"Does it go back to where it came from, mamma?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Run out and play."

"Then you've got to sneeze it some time, haven't you?"

"Likely as not."

"If you was to sneeze all the sneezes you had on hand would you ever sneeze any more, or would there be new sneezes to——"

"Willie, I wish you would let me alone."

"What keeps the sneeze from comin' out when it starts?"

"How do I know?"

"Why is it, mamma, that some people say 'k-choo' when they sneeze and some say 'k-chee'?"

"Willie, if you don't——"

"Johnny Dickon says if I'll give him five cents he'll sneeze through his ears. Can he do it, mamma?"

"No, of course not, dear."

"How do you know he can't?"

"Because—Willie, if you don't stop bothering me I shall certainly——"

"Mamma, what is a sneeze?"

Whack! Whack!

THE MAIN THING.

Woman—I've been assigned to discuss "Ideals" at the next meeting of the Mothers' Club.

Other Woman—Have you thought what you are going to wear?

Woman—Oh, yes, and in a general way what I am going to say.

OUR BABY.

Little four-year-old Mabel, coming into the room one day and finding the baby with one end of a doorkey in his mouth, exclaimed: "Baby, take that key right out of your mouth or the first thing you know you will have the lockjaw!"

PICTORIAL REVIEW.



TAFFETA DRESS SKIRTS.

(Described on page 38.)



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STAGE HAPPENINGS.

ESTHER PALLISER, the American soprano who has recently returned to this country, has passed her career almost entirely in Europe. She studied there and made her first appearance in comic opera, and subsequently in grand opera, but she gave up both to devote herself to concert and oratorio, which is so beloved in England, and in which she is one of the most popular singers. Miss Palliser is just in the prime of her career, and she appreciates the popularity that is accorded her in England as a favorite soprano.

* * *

MARY HOWE will make her reappearance on the concert stage in this country on Tuesday evening, January 14, after a six years' absence abroad.

* * *

SUSAN METCALFE recently gave a song recital in Mendelsohn Hall, and a large and fashionable audience not only gave evidence of her popularity, but gave her most ample proofs of approval. An extensive and varied repertoire, in which she was heard to the best advantage, gave her hearers a very pleasant afternoon.

* * *

TO the many who have spent enjoyable hours in the Cherry Blossom Grove, the announcement that this delightful place has been changed to a Winter Garden will be welcome news indeed. It is practically a new place of amusement and will prove a strong drawing-card for the New York Theatre. It was recently opened with a musical comedy by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, entitled "The Supper Club." The company includes many names of well-known favorites, such as Miss Virginia Earle, Mr. Thos. Q. Seabrooke, Miss Toby Claude, Miss Ada Lewis, Miss Josie Sadler, etc. Miss Lillian Bond and Miss Elba Kenny also appear in the "Supper Club."

* * *

MENDELSON HALL is a favorite as far as recitals are concerned. Miss Augusta Cottlow will give a piano recital there on January 9.

On the 8th of January Miss Estelle Liebling will give a song recital at the same hall, assisted by James Liebling, 'cello, and Max Liebling, piano.

* * *

JOSEF HOFMANN'S FAD.

Few are the pianists who give any of their time to an occupation other than the continual study of repertoire and constant practice on their instrument. Many of these who are now famous have said that to achieve success in this branch of the beautiful art, one must practice from ten to fifteen hours a day, and many have said that they practice longer. Not so with that genius, Josef Hofmann, who startled the music world some fourteen years ago with his marvelous playing and was then considered a wonder child or prodigy, and who, ten years later, when he was again heard here, more than fulfilled the promises of his childhood days. Hofmann is now twenty-four years of age. Since he was five years old, he has possessed a tool chest, of which he has made good use. When he went on concert tours, because of his small size, he was unable to reach the pedals of the piano when sitting on the stool and thus was unable to appear very often. After one of these tours, he invented an attachment which could be placed upon the pedals and which he could regulate to the height needed by him. At the age of fourteen, he invented a dummy keyboard, which he uses when traveling, so that his fingers will not become stiff. One of his most ambitious attempts as an inventor was when he invented a motor bicycle, which in its trial was very successful; so much so, that several wealthy friends of his in this city desired to put his invention on the market. It was on this machine that Hofmann came very near breaking his neck, while riding through Central Park, four years ago, when a cylinder attached to the front wheel became detached, causing the sudden stoppage of the bicycle, and the diving of Hofmann over the handle bars, and he being laid up in his hotel for a time with a dislocated shoulder. Then the fad for the automobile and young Hofmann immediately went to work upon several

ideas of his own regarding a motor. Young Hofmann has already patented his motor in Germany, France and England, and recently applied for its patent in this country. Hofmann has covered more than thirty miles an hour, and says that when it is in charge of a competent chauffeur one can easily ride fifty miles.

* * *

THE POPULARITY OF VIYELLA.

One of the main reasons for the popularity of Viyella lies undoubtedly in the fact that it is an almost perfect material for children's garments of all kinds, from dresses to undergarments, so much more so because it comes in different weights, the lighter quality suitable for undergarment, and the heavier quality for dresses. The material, which is guaranteed unshrinkable by the manufacturers, Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd., Great Britain, can be obtained at all leading dry goods stores.

Another point in its favor is its soft and lustrous appearance and its close, compact weave. The manufacturers claim that this peculiar luster will not disappear even after the most frequent launderings. The colorings and tints in which it can be procured cover a wide range and include both staple and art effects.

The stamp "Viyella" is placed upon every five yards of each piece.

* * *

THE VOGUE OF THE WALKING SKIRT.

The golf skirt that has been evolved from its first form as a bicycle skirt, which reached a point below the knee to a sensible ankle-length walking skirt that sweeps clear of the pavement, is the model that will be made up generally by tailors this season. There will be few tailor skirts made with trains and it is to be hoped that we will have an ending of the present fashion of clutching the skirt in an ungraceful bunch to keep it away from the pavement.

The ankle-length skirts have been seen on the hotel piazzas all Summer long in cloth and especially in white piqué, which has been popular for morning wear, and the hearts of dress reformers have been made glad by the hold which the new and sensible fashion has taken upon women. Skirt braids and their renewal have always been two of the greatest bugbears in the life of the girl bachelor, whose vocation or profession left her no time to attend to these most neces-

sary details of her wardrobe. She was obliged to employ a seamstress for the purpose of renovating her skirts and the removal of an old braid usually betrayed the presence of an accumulation of dust that was extremely distasteful to a woman, who had perhaps faithfully brushed her skirt after each wearing.

The ankle-length skirt does away with this unhealthful and uncleanly necessity. Many of the skirts are unlined, and as they fall clear of the pavement no braid or protector is required. The unlined skirt for all purposes is more desirable than the old fashion of the heavy stiffened skirt. Silk linings have gone out largely, owing to their perishable nature, and materials with a silk or satin finish are preferred as a rule. With a silk-lined skirt worn over a silk petticoat the woman without a maid was usually under the necessity of patching or mending up after each wearing. The stiff taffetas so long worn as linings broke and tore so easily that they have outlived their vogue.

* * *

THE MILITARY STOCK.

The array of stocks and neckwear of all kinds is bewildering indeed, and especially so to any one looking for novelties. From the plain tailor model to the dressy little confection of lace and chiffon variations present themselves.

The military stock is very much liked for the flannel waist. It is a plain white silk stock partly covered by another one of some color. This reaches to within an inch of the top and opens in front fully three inches, where it is laced across with gold cord through three eyelets embroidered a little way from the edge.

This outer collar is sometimes made of velvet and trimmed in a trefoil design with gold braid, or in a Grecian border. It is sometimes made to meet at the lower edge, with a fancy clasp and cut away at the top, in which case there is no lacing.

Again the outer band slopes down to an inch width from each side of the neck, and sometimes it is merely a band tied in a small bow or passed through a gold buckle with one end looped around and falling below a few inches.

For wash stocks to wear with flannel waists the embroidered linen ones are very highly recommended. They are made in colors and white as well.

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Dainty Lingerie



tights has grown out of this desire for a sheath-like fit around the hips, and the latest novelty is a kind of divided skirt, very full, which is attached just above the knee and may be worn in conjunction with tights.

Not every woman in the world can afford either a great amount or a richly decorated supply of lingerie, but poor and busy indeed she must be not to be able to have it dainty, well made and at all times scrupulously immaculate.

Years ago to have "a dozen of each in pure linen" was the boast and pride of our mothers, but nowadays this theory does not seem to work chiefly as far as the linen is concerned, because we like sheer materials, in fact, the sheerer the better. Batiste is very much liked, perhaps because it is so soft, yet so smooth as not only to render laundering easy but it keeps its freshness well. India linen, Irish lawn, thin cambric, India or China silks are also materials of which the fashionable lingerie is developed.

When it comes to a matter of trimming one may well pause, for there is such a diversity of designs, and each admitting of such a wide range, that a choice becomes instead a desire for all and every kind.

Lace seems to rank equally with embroidery, although lace will tear much more easily in laundering, but as to becomingness there is certainly no doubt that it sets off the fairness of the skin better than any other finish.

Hand-embroidered French underwear, while very beautiful and quite expensive, does not seem to have much preference if the underwear counters of our large department stores may be taken as an example. It is certainly elegant, rich and tasteful in effect, much more easily done up and lasts at least three times as long as that decorated with ripples and frills of delicate lace, yet it is not so becoming, save for fine, full figures, and while it may reveal positive beauty it does little to enhance doubtful charms. However, this difficulty can be overcome by setting a frill of lace under the embroidered edge.

Many more women are making their underwear, than formerly. There is a charm and fascination in

devising new designs, and there is also economy in it. Articles which cannot be bought for five dollars can be made for two and a half and even less, if one picks up bargains in materials. But this, of course, makes no allowance for time, and delicate underwear is like friendship, not a plant of hasty growth. It requires patience, a familiarity with neat sewing, and, above all, a faculty for joining edges, turning corners and general finishing. There must be no raw seams, no knotty spots, but all perfect, the wrong side, if not so attractive as the right, must be quite as interesting from the neatness and deftness of the stitching.

Some very pretty designs for gowns are among the illustrations. Another gown, which was also rather attractive, had the yoke cut in a point in back and front. This is composed entirely of Valenciennes insertion and puffs of batiste, of which the gown was made. A unique idea was visible in the sleeve, which was finished with a cuff in the same design.

Many women will never give up the time-honored chemise, and very dainty are those made of sheer India



mull. One example seen combined comfort, grace, simplicity and real beauty. It was of Irish lawn, hand-embroidered, with cut out squares and buttonholing through which ribbon was run. This latter holds the garment in place and does away with gathering it into a band. When the chemise is to be laundered the ribbon is slipped out and it is perfectly flat, a necessity for the perfect cleansing and ironing of hand-embroidery. Chemises for evening wear have no sleeves at all, and simply tie on the shoulder with ribbons. Something novel and odd is a trimming of tucked medallions or diamonds of pale-blue mull set in with lace around the neck.

A very pretty petticoat can be made with imitation Valenciennes insertion joining narrow bands of nainsook forming a deep circular flounce which flares well at the hem where it is finished with a frill of

lace two inches in width. Two lace-edged ruffles of nainsook four inches wide are set in the skirt underneath the wide flounce, so it is made in reality like a dress skirt except that it has no lining.



Another pretty flounce is made straight tucked in clusters all around and a band of lace insertion is set vertically between the clusters. The edge is finished with a lace frill.

As far as the night gowns are concerned they are beautiful in the fullest meaning of the word, as our illustrations show. High-necked gowns are made with round yokes principally, either of allover embroidery or of bands of embroidery and lace insertion finished with a lace frill or a shaped ruffle edged with lace. For next Summer's wear gowns are mostly low-necked, trimmed with large cape-like collars or with fichu collar and either elbow or wide flowing sleeves. The Empire cut is very much liked, also those gowns with raglan sleeves that widen very much toward the wrist. Both styles are made with low necks, mostly round, and are trimmed with lace and ribbons.

The short, round corset cover is still the most preferred. It is cut out either round or square at the neck and has no fullness below the waistline where it ties with ribbon or a linen tape. Very exquisite are the ones made entirely of lace and embroidery insertion, joined with ribbon-run beading, the ribbon forming little bows along the upper edge. Some of the newer ones are cut circular, without any seams whatever, but are not advisable, as they are apt to lose their shape in ironing unless particularly careful attention is paid to the straight of the thread. Neither



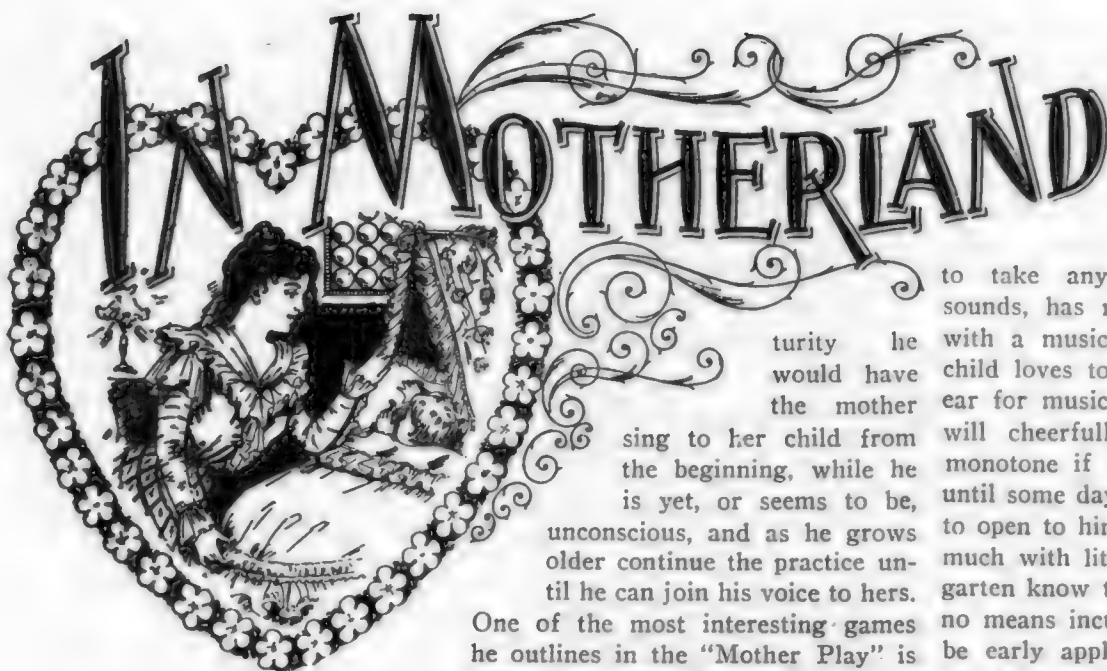
is it advisable for the amateur seamstress to undertake the making of this particular style of corset cover because success is not apt to attend such efforts.

WITH every season it seems as if the climax in pretty underwear has been reached until the succeeding season proves to us how erroneous was this impression. Formerly underwear was but a secondary consideration, while now it is one of the departments in dress most attractive to women.

Elegant and fashionable lingerie has blossomed out wonderfully in daintiness and superiority of workmanship, showing fully three-fourths as much handiwork as formerly. The petticoats are dreams of loveliness, with plaits, frills and lace, and the really swell woman has corsets of silk to match each skirt.



The distinguishing mark about underwear in general is that there must be no wrinkles, no superfluous material anywhere. The preference for



MUSIC IN THE HOME.

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.

"The function of music is to cadence the soul. Home, nature, religion and love are the great song-cycles of childhood."—GOETHE.

THE Spartans, who were a hard-headed and practical people, having no notion of art for art's sake, made much of choir singing in the education of their children, teaching it not for its value in an æsthetic sense, but because it served as a kind of drill in concerted action, and as a preparation for the thundering forth of those splendid war-songs that flamed heaven-high the courage of their soldiers.

It would be obvious that any training, musical or military, which gave the power of doing things together must necessarily be useful in cultivating certain virtues, such as obedience, promptitude and accuracy, and the value of music in awakening emotion has been so thoroughly recognized that in all ages and with all peoples it has accompanied religious worship. The Spartans believed in these two values of the art and backed up their faith by works, but as they were profoundly uninterested in all things save their own specialties it is unlikely that they noted or cared whether the practice of music had any other effect upon the youth of their land. But fortunately there is no art which does not improve, strengthen, elevate its votary in many different ways and music is no exception to the rule.

Some of these other matters, which he does not directly mention, are no doubt the improvement which singing makes in the bearing of the child, his grace of manner and courtesy and in his delicacy and tenderness of feeling.

The value of music as an educational force is more widely recognized to-day than it has ever been before, and one of the best musicians in England attributes the change in this respect to the genius of Friedrich Froebel.

Believing as the great teacher did that the plays of the infant are preparations for the experiences of ma-

turity he would have the mother sing to her child from the beginning, while he is yet, or seems to be, unconscious, and as he grows older continue the practice until he can join his voice to hers.

One of the most interesting games he outlines in the "Mother Play" is "The Finger Piano." The fingers of the mother's left hand and later on the child's, are held horizontally to represent the ivory keys, and are slightly bent at the middle joint to give a certain elasticity. The right hand then plays upon them, pressing them down in turn and the melodies, simple combinations of the five notes, are accompanied with equally simple words:

"Listen, baby dear,
The lovely music hear;
Little fingers downward go—
Hark! the answer sweet and low:
La-la-la, etc."

Froebel adds in the motto for the mother, as an explanation of the child's joy in the game:

"For a something in his heart
Answers to your simple art;
And like silent bells set ringing,
Makes the little song you're singing
Seem of him a part."

This is the great educator's invariable desire, to trace the connection between outward manifestation and inward feeling and he would have all music an expression of the harmony within the soul.

There can be no question that the baby's ear can be trained from the beginning by listening to the mother's song and this cultivation, as indicated in the words of "The Finger Piano," may be extended by hearkening to the sounds of the outside world. The mother has this idea unconsciously in mind when she bids the child listen to the duck or the dog or the bird, and asks him what each one says; when she calls his attention to the puff of engines, the churning of paddle-wheels and the throb of machinery. If she would extend these listening exercises to all the sounds about the child, leading him, as a daily play, to tell her how many different noises he can hear around him and what they are, she would be giving him that "concrete tone experience which should precede general musical training." As a writer on kindergarten music has lately said: "The child to whom everything 'sings,' from the whirr of the passing street-car to the crackling flames, will never need to have the mysteries of musical interpretation explained to him.

The so-called unmusical person is

not such because of any fundamental lack of power or deficiency in the tone area, but, commonly, because he has never been led

to take any interest in musical sounds, has never been surrounded with a musical atmosphere. Every child loves to sing, and even if his ear for music be quite undeveloped, will cheerfully growl along on a monotone if not unduly criticised, until some day the tone world begins to open to him. We who have been much with little ones in the kindergarten know that tone-deafness is by no means incurable if only remedies be early applied, and if we would not have our children "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, the motions of their spirits dull as night," we should give them musical training from the very beginning of life.



CARE OF CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Any serious sickness during the first eight years of childhood, especially the eruptive fevers and disorders of nutrition, are very apt to have a disastrous effect upon the permanent teeth. If these diseases are properly treated so that their severity shall be modified and their duration shortened these disastrous effects may, in a great measure, be averted.

It is very important that the temporary teeth be kept in good repair until cast off in the natural way, in order they may be preserved for use during that period in life when good teeth are most needed and the irregularities in the permanent set be avoided. To this end they should be filled as soon as any decay appears and receive proper attention as to cleanliness.

Irregularities in the permanent teeth are caused by too early extraction of the baby teeth or leaving them in the mouth beyond the time when they should naturally be lost. By proper management of the first teeth three-fourths of the irregularities of the permanent set may be avoided.

Children should be early taught the habit of keeping the teeth clean. It not only prevents decay, but it is also one of the choicest habits of personal neatness.

The six-year molar is not a temporary tooth. It is the first double tooth of the permanent set. Parents should learn to recognize this tooth as a permanent tooth as soon as it comes through the gum and see to it that any decay appearing in it receives early attention.

EVERY mother who wishes her little ones clothed in a becoming and dainty fashion should subscribe for PICTORIAL REVIEW.

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"VIYELLA"



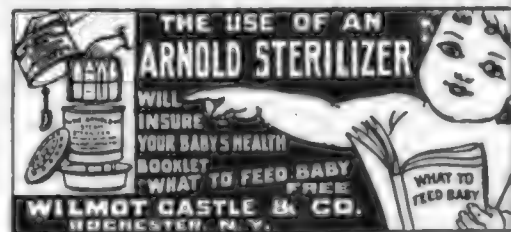
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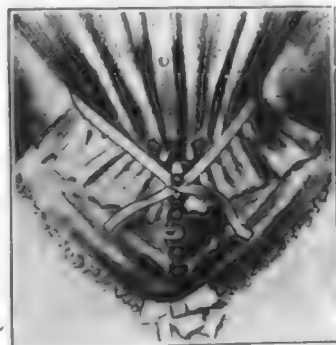
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GIRLS' PARTY FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)

Letters From a Woman of the World.

By Jolette Carter.

My dear Blanche:

The advice you request and the subject you suggest is one that is almost as old as the world. I can well imagine that you, a young debutante, must have many ideas and dreams on this subject, and that you turn to me to solve this puzzle is very flattering, I assure you, although whether I can solve it is perhaps an open question.

Years and years ago, when I was as young as you are now, a noted author, a true philosopher, said to me: "When you marry choose only a man with a firm and strong character, not a weakling whose opinion can be swayed like a blade of grass, because such a man will never be a strong support to you; and, secondly, never choose a man who after even the least dispute, or when he feels himself hurt or offended at some slight cause, will sulk for days and will not try to pass over such little happenings with a kind, pleasant word. And, above all things, remember that this also applies to yourself."

This is short but very apt. When you are married, my dear, as I hope you will be soon, both, you as well as your husband, must have the firm will and intention to make each other as happy as lies in your power. This is not by any means sentimentality, but a demand of plain, every-day common-sense. You will not be happy if your husband is not happy and vice-versa. To do this you must study your husband. Everyone has faults and weaknesses, you as well as your husband. If you have no opportunity to learn and to study them before you are married, do so as soon as you are married, because only in that way can you prevent a great deal of unpleasant friction.

If at some difference of opinion, for instance, you find that your husband, though angry, tries not to show it, then you too should repress the sharp word that your lips want to utter; divert the conversation from this topic, a thing that can be done by every woman of tact, and I assure you that your husband will gratefully acknowledge it, and you both will profit by this effort at self-control.

And how much stupid quarreling, which makes some married lives almost purgatory, can be avoided by an open, candid conversation. If you feel hurt or offended at some word or act don't go around with a sour face nursing your anger, but at the first opportunity tell your husband kindly and gently how much pain such and such a word or deed has given you. You will find, in nine cases out of ten, that he is quite ignorant of having wounded you, and if he should be aware of it he will sincerely endeavor to avoid a repetition; that is, if he has any character at all. If, on the other hand, you find that your husband seems hurt don't hesitate to ask the cause, and if you find that it is something you have done, a warm kiss and an embrace will do a great deal toward bringing him back to an amiable mood.

Remember always that love is three parts forgiveness, and that an assertion of rights and a demand for justice is not the way to arrive at an ideal union.

But, now to the principal point, which I cannot put before you warmly enough.

In most married lives there is apt to be, at times, a friction of greater or less degree; now, what I want to impress upon you is never to let the sun set on your anger, but to endeavor at the first opportunity to "make up." By nursing a real or an imaginary cause for displeasure it eats its way deeper and deeper into the heart, becomes more and more painful, and the word of forgiveness or the request for pardon will come more and more reluctantly. Before you are aware of it there is a coolness which will only too readily lead up to that most dreadful of all things—indifference. And when indifference has once set in then the ideal, the unity, the harmony of married life flies out of the window.

It will hardly be necessary to remind you that because you are married to a man it means that you must cease being as charming to him as you were before marriage. There is nothing that a man will appreciate more than a sweet, serene disposition, and a woman who is ready to meet all his moods with the readiness and indulgence that comes with perfect understanding. No sane person can go through the world with a hectic flush and a 104 temperature asking "Whose ducky is oo?" But it is worth while to remember that affection is as necessary to a man as to a woman, it is, in fact, the sunshine and light of married life, and that when a woman ceases to make love to her husband some other woman frequently begins—and vice versa.

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We furnish vegetable ivory rims in black, blue, brown, drab and white.



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is the one that is made from the wearers' individual measurements.

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GIRLS' DANCING FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)



CONDUCTED BY M^{LE}. PRATIQUE.

A FASHIONABLE STOCK COLLAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

FASHIONS in stock collars are as plentiful as sand on the beach, and seem to vie with each other in grace and becomingness. It is certainly true that a pretty collar goes a great way toward enhancing a waist, and even the plainest little slip will gain in attraction by some dainty finish around the neck. How to make these collars is a question often addressed to us, and in this month's Home Dressmaker we have endeavored by most explicit illustration to demonstrate the intricacies of collar making. The illustrations have been so carefully prepared that really very little explanation is necessary.

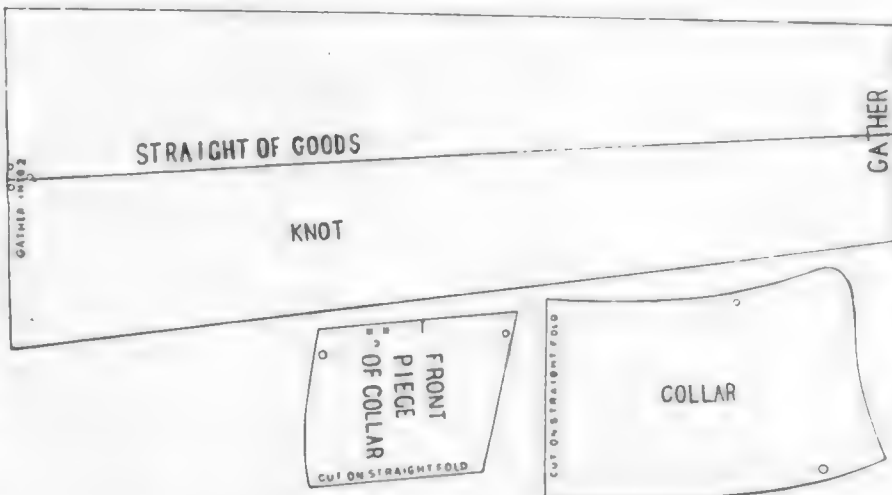
Fig. 1 shows the interlining, usually tailor's canvas, although some dressmakers prefer buckram or crinoline, which is basted to the founda-

tion, leaving about one-quarter of an inch of the material to be turned over, and is then sewed to the foundation with several rows of stitching.

Fig. 2 illustrates the finished collar.

Fig. 3 is the narrow center piece of the collar which may be developed

Diagram II shows how the collar is cut out. Place the center of the back of the collar on the straight of the goods, doubling it to avoid a seam, and notch it carefully. The center edge of the small piece that goes in the middle of the collar is



of a contrasting color, and material, for instance, of tuckéd panné be employed for the collar; the center piece may be of tuckéd chiffon or Liberty silk, or it can be made of panné with taffeta for the remainder of the collar. Before this center piece is attached to the collar the upper end of the knot is fastened to the inside edge with a few firm stitches, as clearly shown in the illustration. Fig. 4 shows how the overlapping edge of the foundation, which is made of taffeta, is felled to the interlining. Fig. 6 shows how the tuckéd material is basted to the foundation, and Fig. 6 finally illustrates the fold that serves as finish to the edges. In order to still more facilitate the making of this pretty collar this strap effect has been sketched in black, but, of course, it

also put on the straight of the thread, and corresponding notches are joined. The knot finally, is narrower at the top than at the bottom and, of course two ends are required. The narrow part is gathered and is attached to the center piece of the collar, as shown in Fig. 3. The outside edges of the knot are neatly hemmed, and the lower end is gathered between the two perforations and completed with aiguillettes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Nellie D., Jersey City.—The French chalk process to remove grease spots from silk will be found to act well. Or, a still more simple method is to take a piece of cardboard, separate it, and rub the spot with the soft inner part. This is said to work very well, although I personally have never tried it. The French chalk process is as follows: Cover the spot with French chalk or with magnesia; then put a clean blotter over it and on this place, a moderately hot iron. The heat will melt the grease and the chalk will absorb it.

Miss Eva D., N. J.—In purchasing woolen fabrics select those of a firm weave because the loosely woven goods, when made up, will pull away from the seams, especially where there is any strain.

Miss E. H. D., Nyack.—The bride and bridesmaid should wear gloves

at a home wedding just as much as at a church. It is no longer customary for the bridesmaids to walk arm in arm with the ushers, nor when there is but one bridesmaid should she take the best man's arm. She walks at his side.

INTERESTING NOVELTIES FOR THE DRESSMAKER.

Mendel and Johnston have on hand a number of labor-saving devices of extreme interest to dressmakers, among which is the Running Stitch Shirring Machine, which is said to be the only machine of the kind that sews a perfect running stitch in imitation of hand-work.

These novel machines are adapted to the preparation of various descriptions of Shirring, Gathering and Puffing, now so much used in all kinds of ladies garments, with an elegance and precision far surpassing anything that can be done by hand.

Their great speed saves an immense amount of time, and the manufacturers claim that one machine will accomplish as much work as twenty persons working with the hand-needle.

In size the machine is somewhat smaller than the head of an ordinary sewing machine and is so constructed that either one or two needles may be used in operation at the same time, running one row or two parallel rows of stitches at once.

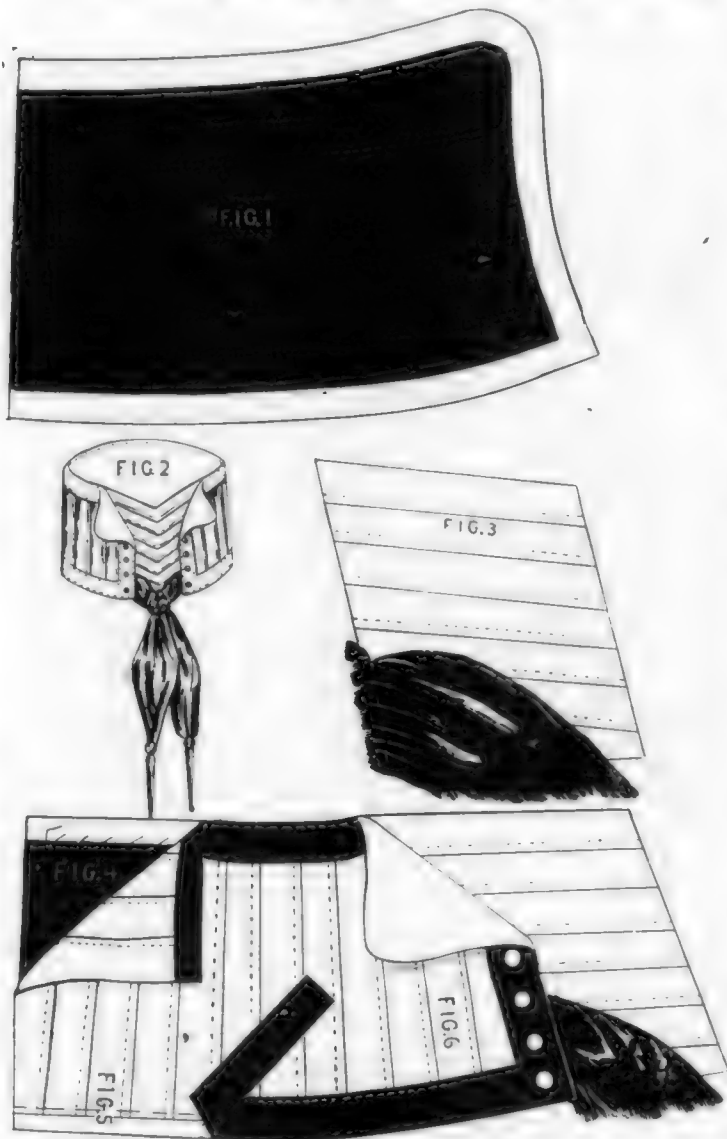
Another device is the skirt gage by which the proper length of the skirt may be measured in a very short time, doing away with a great deal of unnecessary work and saving a great deal of time.

The bias marking board is a great help for marking bias strips, and is of great assistance in cutting goods that way.

The accordion plaiters sold by this firm are recognized as among the best in the market and are alike invaluable to the professional as well as the amateur dressmaker. Many people are under the impression that they are obtaining a metal machine with crank which is turned either by hand or by power, when as a matter of fact no metal machine has ever been devised which will do accordion plaiting and do it as rapidly and as accurately as what is known as paper work, which is the original and best method.

Several kinds of pinking machines, side plaiting machines and crimping and fluting machines are also carried by Mendel & Johnston, as well as gas-irons, so arranged that they will connect with any ordinary gas jet, a model tucker that fits any machine, and last but not least, a large line of dress forms, full figures as well as separate skirts and busts.

Special forms are made to order for those ladies wishing an exact duplicate of their figure, so that, taken as a whole, the many specialties to be found at Mendel & Johnston are most extensive and varied.





ATTRACTIVE DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

(Described on page 38.)



Observances and Etiquette.

DINNERS.

IT must not be imagined that a dinner is simply given for the purpose of giving a gross and purely material pleasure. It puts you in company with persons of consideration and gives you an opportunity to display your intelligence, or to cause your good qualities to be appreciated.—Baron de Mortemat Boissé.

* * *

Since dinner parties served à la Russe have become the prevailing mode, a host and hostess are able to entertain without anxiety, provided they have well-drilled servants and a good cook. Dexterity, rapidity and, above everything else, quietness, added to a thorough knowledge of their duties from the essential requisites of good butlers and waitresses.

Invitations are issued in the name of the gentleman and lady of the house ten days or a week in advance. They should be answered as soon as they are received and, if accepted, the engagement should, on no account, be lightly broken. This rule is a binding one, as the non-arrival of an expected guest produces disarrangement of plans. The hours most generally selected are six, seven and eight o'clock. To be exactly punctual on these occasions is the only politeness. If you are too early you are in the way; if too late you spoil the dinner, annoy the hostess and are backbitten by the guests.

Whom to invite is a consideration which requires the exercise of judgment and discretion, and those whom you invite should be of the same standing. They need not necessarily be friends, nor even acquaintances; but, as at a dinner, people come into closer contact than at a dance, those only should be invited to meet one another who move in the same circle. Care must necessarily be taken that those whom you think will be agreeable to each other are placed side by side around the festive board. Good talkers are invaluable at a dinner party—people who have fresh ideas and plenty of warm words to clothe them in. But good listeners are equally invaluable.

No one should ever monopolize conversation unless he wishes to win for himself the name of a bore and to be avoided as such. A host and hostess generally judge of the success of a dinner by the manner in which conversation has been sustained. If it has flagged often it is considered a proof that the guests have not been congenial, but if a

steady stream of talk has been kept up, it shows that they have smoothly amalgamated as a whole.

The dishes and the appointments of the table should be faultless in every respect.

A snow-white cloth of the finest damask, beautiful china, glistening cut glass, or fine engraved glass, and polished plate are considered essential to a grand dinner. Choice flowers or ferns, tastefully arranged, add much to the beauty of the table. At the right of each cover, a sherry, Rhine wine, champagne, claret and Burgundy glass are placed, with a tumbler or goblet for water. Napkins should be folded square and placed with a roll of bread on each plate. To find them folded in intricate forms is too suggestive of their having been in other hands than your own and is not considered nice.

An *épergne* or vase of flowers graces the center on either side are placed dishes of almonds, olives, etc., and finally the candelabra. Regarding the *épergne* opinion is divided as to whether a high or low one is preferable, personally, we prefer a low but rather spreading arrangement, because nothing is more annoying than to dodge around towering flowers and foliage in the endeavor to exchange a word with the person opposite. These articles mentioned, together with perhaps a lace or embroidered table runner or center piece complete the necessary decorations. No wine is placed on the table.

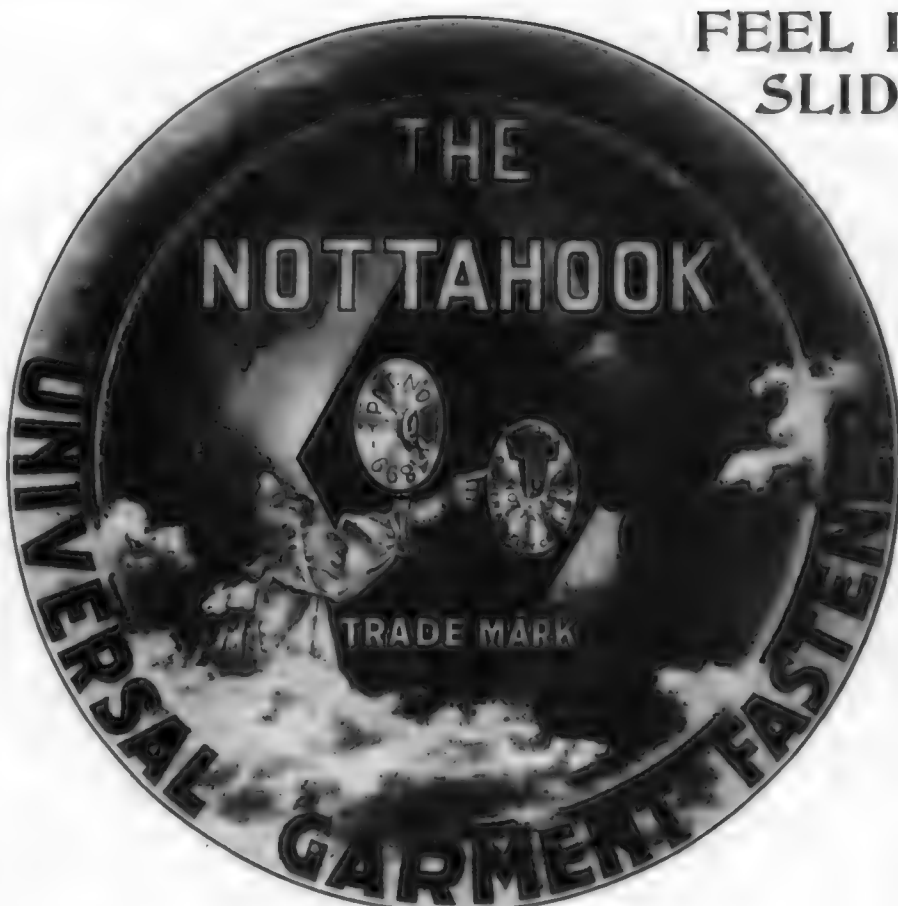
The name of each guest and the menu written upon pretty and attractive cards and placed opposite the plate, marks the seat assigned. The arrangement of these the hostess may find, involves as much thought as a game of chess, for in no way is tact more called into exercise than in the distributing of guests at a dinner-table.

Fifteen minutes is the longest time required to wait for a tardy guest. Then the dinner should be announced, and the host offers his right arm to the lady who is to be escorted by him, the others follow, arm in arm, the hostess being the last to leave the drawing room.

The servants commence upon the right of the master in passing the dishes, ending with the lady of the house, and with the guest on their mistress's right, ending with the master.

A master or mistress should refrain from speaking to their servants at dinner, let what will go wrong. Care should be taken that they wear thin-soled shoes that their steps may be noiseless, and if they use napkins in serving, instead of gloves, their hands and nails should be faultlessly clean. If you have occasion to speak to a servant, wait until you can catch his eye and then ask in a low tone for what you want.

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To knock out hook and eye.
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Said the button-hole to button,
"I am sure of it, my dear,
For that naughty little NOTTAHOOK"—
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DAINTY CLOTH FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)

THE APPLE OF PARIS



COOKERY: AN AID TO DIGESTION, HEALTH AND COMPLEXION.

ALL the articles written on the complexion thus far have only dealt with the ways and means of the external care. My series of letters, beginning with this one, will treat of it from another point of view, i. e., cookery as a primary cause.

The cardinal virtues of cookery are cleanliness, frugality, nourishment and palatability.

The stomach is the main organ of the human system, upon the state of which all the powers and feelings of the individual depend. The faculty the stomach has of communicating the impressions made by the various substances that are put into it, is such that it seems more like a nervous expansion from the brain than a mere receptacle for food. We cannot reasonably expect tranquility of the nervous system, or a clear complexion while there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the proper digestion of our food, it is on this account highly important that we should attend to its quality, quantity, and the time for taking it with that end primarily in view.

If the science of cooking really contributes to the welfare and happiness of mankind, it should be carefully studied and attended to. It therefore becomes a necessity to a woman's proper and pleasant performances of the duties of a wife and mother to understand the whole economy of household affairs and study the philosophy of cookery thoroughly. It is certain that the health of the family and very often the lives of invalids depend upon the care and skill of the cook. Our forefathers were so sensible of this, that in days of yore no man of consequence thought of making a day's journey without taking his "Magister Coquorum" (cook) with

him. One could not call them gluttons or epicures, because they had the good sense and good taste to wish to have their food prepared according to scientific principles; that is to say, so cooked that the palate be not offended—that it be rendered easy of assimilation.

Although air is more immediately necessary to life than food, the knowledge of the latter seems of more importance; it certainly admits of greater variety, and a choice is more frequently in our power. It is conceded that a pleasant and varied diet is more conducive to health and physicians often treat nervous diseases by an entire and varied change of diet, air, and scene. To understand the theory and philosophy of cooking, we must understand more than mere recipes. We must attend to the action of heat and know it thoroughly. If the heat should exceed a certain degree, the surface first becomes brown, and then scorched and the food worthless. In the processes of roasting and boiling, the chief constituents of animal substances undergo the following changes: The fibrine is corrugated; the albumen is coagulated; the gelatine rendered more soluble in water; the fat liquefied; and the water evaporated. A greater quantity of heat must be used in frying, as it must be sufficient to evaporate the water, and induce a degree of scorching to fry the food dry, without the grease adhering to it.

In preparing vegetables, the degree of heat should not be too great. Green vegetables must never be boiled but stewed on a slow fire, so as to retain their own salt, thus making the vegetables more digestible and more palatable. Those salts have been put there for the use and benefit of mankind, and by boiling the vegetables and throwing the water away, only the fibrous pulp is kept, and what is required for the health and comfort of the human body is thrown aside and wasted. The vegetable salts are intended for use in the animal economy, and when not supplied is deprived of an essential ingredient of food, and will always respond by discomfort and disease.

It is here that the complexion comes in.

In eczema and all cutaneous and acid eruptions the well prepared vegetable soup becomes a valuable part of the dietetic treatment. All physicians agree that by the careful preparation of vegetable food, we may be able to prevent many diseases and rashes, or at least hold them in abeyance. Why not, then, give full attention to the cooking of these health-giving vegetables and so prevent what we often cannot cure? It will certainly take more time to pre-

pare them in that way; but when once understood it will be just as easy. It is well to remember that nothing can be done perfectly if done in a hurry.—Mme. Lia Rand.

THE EYESIGHT.

One of the many inevitable troubles that come with advancing years is that of declining sight or "old sight," as it is popularly called. The first sign of this malady is the inclination to hold the book or paper at a greater distance than formerly, because we find that we cannot read distinctly at a distance of twelve to fourteen inches. After this has gone on for some time we experience unwonted fatigue in the eye after reading or writing, and the fatigue is especially marked when engaged in reading at night. The feeling of fatigue is soon followed by increased sensitiveness to the light and general irritability of the eye. As the affection of the sight increases, the letters or lines of printed matter appear blurred or run into one another, and if reading be persisted in actual pain is experienced in the eyes, which compels the reader to put her book aside. Everyone will have felt the relief which comes to an over-worked eye when the vision is directed from the object or page in use to more distant objects, and how much distress is caused by the attempt to return to reading, writing or any other employment.

This common failure of vision is one needing careful attention. The defect is not always detected by the patient as early as it might be. For instance, she may probably explain to her doctor that she is 'much troubled with headaches or pain in the head for which she can find no cause, and for which no form of medicine seems to afford relief. In many such cases the pain in the head with increasing antipathy for fine or intricate work, simply arises from the fact that one or both eyes fail to focus near objects and the attempt of the patient to see clearly causes continual irritation of the optic nerve, which is in direct communication with the brain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Inquirer.—Borax added to water renders it soft and pleasant for bathing and for ablutions generally. Tincture of benzoin added to rose-water in the proportion of a teaspoonful to the ounce makes the celebrated *lait virginal* that whitens and beautifies the skin.

Mrs. G. S. G., New York.—It is certainly claimed by specialists that the use of a cold cream containing animal or vegetable oils will produce a growth of hair on the face: if you have found this to be the case, also, and yet require an emollient I would advise you to write to Mme. Lia Rand, whose announcement you will find elsewhere in this issue. Her "Perfecto" is certainly all she claims it to be.

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OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MABEL'S PETS.

WE are very sure that all children are interested in animals, so we shall tell you a story of a dog and a cat, which, you will admit, were a queerly assorted pair. This story is perfectly true, too.

Mabel was a little girl who was very fond of her black and tan Fanny, and played all day long with her and the brace of great shaggy shepherds, and when one morning Fanny very proudly displayed a fat little puppy in her box, Mabel was more than delighted. She sat nearly all day by the box and watched the queer little thing, and fed Fanny the daintiest morsels of cut-up meat and cake and candy, for the intelligent little animal was very fond of these.

Before night, however, a sad calamity befell the puppy. The shepherds were very curious about this new-comer and several times ventured near the box, only to be driven away by the little mite of a mother, who would be furious with apprehension for her baby, and savagely spring out at them. Of course, they were not afraid of her, but they would withdraw a little distance only to come back after a time. Late in the day they came very close to her and even poked their noses over the side and looked into the box. Fanny jumped at them and, barking excitedly, chased them all the way to the barn. Returning, all trembling with passion; she sprang in, but, alas! in her eagerness, she jumped on her puppy and a moment later it was dead.

The poor little mother was inconsolable. No dainties would she eat, but lay down in the empty box and grieved for the soft, warm little thing which had been there in the morning. Mabel's mother, taking pity on her, suggested that they try and find another little puppy and give it to Fanny;

so, the next day, Mabel, with a little basket on her arm, started out upon her errand. In an hour she returned, all aglow with excitement: "I could not get a

puppy, but here are two kittens!" and she unrolled the soft, warm shawl to show the wide-eyed, staring bunches of fluffy down, and could not understand why her mother told her they would not do.

She insisted upon trying them, at any rate; and, after scolding the horrified Fanny, the little strangers were finally placed beside her, and imagine the surprise—she licked one. So, after that, Mabel's mother knew she would not kill them. Fanny was watched very closely, but she showed no signs of anger, only great surprise, which, in a day or two, deepened into real love; so, the little white kitten was sent back and the gray one kept.

Mabel called him Russia, and it was a source of unending wonder to everyone how Fanny learned to love it. She would sit with her ears pricked forward and watch its frolics (it was an unusually playful kitten) and seemed never to tire of washing or caring for it, and the kitten, on the other hand, never seemed to know that there was anything strange about its new mother.

Fanny was very savage in her small way, and it was quite amusing

started home would place it on the ground, and Fanny would gently lift it and take it all the way back. People would stop in horror, and say, what a cruel little girl to let a dog hurt a cat so, but Mabel would only laugh and prove to them it was only



Fanny's love, until, by and by, everyone grew to know the little trio—Mabel, Fanny and Russia.

Time passed and Russia grew to be an immense brindle cat. He developed a very nasty disposition, cross and ill-natured, and was not affectionate with anyone but Mabel. He loved his little mistress in a very peculiar manner, but to his foster-mother, I am ashamed to tell you, that he was at times very ungrateful and often richly deserved the severe whippings she gave him.

Fanny was fond of sleeping in a basket, into which she fitted rather tightly, and often Russia would crawl into it and refuse to get out. She would sit patiently for over an hour, occasionally whining piteously, but he would not get out until his nap was finished, and then she was put to a great deal of trouble making it up, for she never slept upon the shawl which was kept folded in the bottom until she had shaken it and arranged it to suit herself.

She is quite unselfish, and shares all her food with perfect good nature, except cold roast beef, of which she is very fond, and if he dares approach when she is eating that she snaps so viciously that he retreats in haste.

Russia is always the baby when Mabel plays "house," and she has made him some very curious clothes. His bonnets and hoods have openings through which his ears pass and his long baby clothes stream out behind him. Miss Fanny has a complete wardrobe, including some old, discarded veils, and strangers and peddlers are often more amused than frightened when she rushes out all dressed up, and, forgetting company manners, barks until they are gone.

It is very curious how this cat and her adopted son call one another and

how she wants him near her each time there is a grate-fire lighted, for she is too unselfish to enjoy it alone. It is often a great revelation to strangers when she comes marching in with Russia beside her, and they lie down together on the bear-skin rug, in perfect harmony and contentment.



CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Happily, the children of to-day are clothed with more reason and consideration than the little folks of long ago, and, as a consequence, the infant mortality is proportionately less. Nevertheless, there are still injudicious mothers who hanker for a sight of chubby necks and bare, dimpled arms, and argue that other babies have worn thin, sleeveless frocks without detriment, forgetful of the fact that the delicate ones went under, and strong children keep better health when not exposed to unnecessary cold.

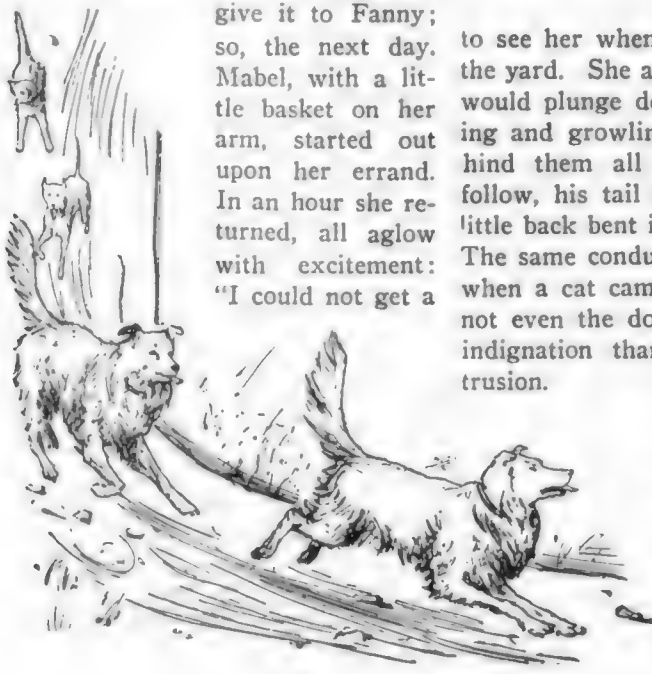
The great law of rational clothing is that the warmth is equally distributed all over the body, and consequently clothes consisting of two or three thicknesses in one part and as thin as possible in another, must be rigidly eschewed. Not weight, but warmth, is the object to be kept in mind.

Nothing is more comfortable for boys and girls past infancy than combination suits of merino. The best results are obtained by the garments of pure wool next to the body, including woolen stockings. Little harm can then come to a child, even if the outer garments are not so thoughtfully ordered, as a complete suit of wool is next the body keeping up the heat and not likely to chill the wearer when perspiring.

Garters should never be used, as they check the circulation, suspenders, or buttons and loops, at the side taking their place.

Tennis and running shoes, with rubber soles, are very unhealthy for general use. Many parents select these as inexpensive and comfortable for children, but this is a great mistake, as they keep the feet moist, and do not admit of healthy ventilation.

Little girls are best clothed with plain frocks, and it is possible to achieve infinite variety in this style, besides being delightfully simple for the home dressmaker. There is no chance of compression of the growing frame or undue weight on the hips.



The House Wife



LITTLE THINGS THE HOUSE-WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW.

TO remove grease and dirt from cloth and woolen articles, place a piece of cotton or woolen cloth or a piece of blotting-paper, under the article to be cleaned; then, with a cloth, rub upon the spots some pure benzine. The grease will disappear at once. Be sure to place a cloth under the garment to be operated upon, otherwise a circular stain will remain which cannot be removed. The benzine drives the grease through the article to be cleaned, and is absorbed by the cloth placed under it. After the spot is removed, continue to rub with a dry cloth until the benzine has evaporated. The greatest care should be exercised not to handle either benzine or naphtha near the fire or an open flame. It is important to remember that the vapor escaping from an uncorked bottle will easily cause an explosion.

To remove grease from velvet rub the spots in the velvet with a soft, clean cotton rag dipped in chloroform, and the grease will immediately disappear without injuring the color of the velvet. Repeat the operation if necessary. Be very careful to rub the article rapidly and lightly; then finish with a clean, dry cloth. If these precautions are not taken, a slight stain is apt to be the result. Grease spots in silks may also be removed by the same process.

A very pretty way of renovating a last season's gown is by adding velvet collar and cuffs, cut in any shape approved by the fashion of the hour, and velvet is a fabric almost universally becoming.

So much money has been expended in the making of sofa cushions of all kinds; fingers have been pricked and eyes spoiled by the countless stitches required in an ornate piece of embroidery, that the news of the latest fad—perfectly plain cushions of denim or twilled cotton material, worked with your monogram in very large, coarse letters—for general, everyday use, will be a welcome relief.

The embroidery may take up nearly the entire front of the cushion, leaving just space for a scroll design as a border. The edges of the cushion are finished with either silk or velvet ribbon, or bound with bands of the denim.

It is a very good plan to have a cord receptacle in the kitchen, and when a package is untied, it takes but a moment to roll the cord upon the fingers, twist the loose end so it will stay, and drop it into a bag or box. This is more convenient than to wind it continually in a ball, and you can always find what you need, in short lengths, ready for use.

Only the finest brands of canned salmon or lobster should be used for salad. They should be opened several hours before serving, and turned out into a dish or bowl, that they may lose all close smell or taste. Bits of shell and bone should be carefully removed from them, and the liquor should be drained off. The lobster may be cut into dice, but the salmon should be served as nearly unbroken as may be.

Frozen tomato is almost invariably served at the South with a meat salad. It is made from the canned tomato as easily as from the fresh, the pulp only being used. This is pressed through a colander or sieve, seasoned highly, not omitting a dash of grated onion or of onion juice. The pulp is then put in the freezer and turned occasionally as water ice is frozen, the dasher afterwards taken out, the chilled tomato stirred down, and the tub repacked. It may be served by the spoonful directly from the freezer, or may be packed in small cups and recharged in the freezer. Then with each service of chicken salad an individual mould of frozen tomato is put upon the plate. No supper party in the South seems to be complete without it.

Cures, and again cures! Now it is the color cure, and medicine men are recommending that their depressed and nervous patients should wear nothing but garments of red. The color cure was started a year or two ago by an eminent French scientist, and has only just caught on here. Perhaps the Frenchman had read the works of Mr. John Ruskin, a firm believer in color, who implored of his friends not to be afraid of good burning blues, greens and reds. Mr. Ruskin went so far as to say that all the people he had known who were morally and physically sound loved bright color; that the yellow hues of a canary were enlivening to behold, and that it was enough merely to see a huntsman in his "pink" to give you courage to take a ditch yourself.

A very pretty traveling-bag for a sea voyage is developed of dark-blue linen, bound with red or white braid. There are six pockets, in which brush, comb, slippers, etc., may be placed. One pocket, lined with oil-silk, is necessary for a sponge and has a flap with button. A border is left across the top, which may be daintily embroidered. There are also similar cases for ordinary travel with various pockets for comb, brush, etc. The beauty of these accessories lies in the fact that they may be rolled up and put in any convenient place, aside from the fact that these most useful articles are then always in a compact case and need not be looked for in all parts of the valise.

A good way to clean soiled floor matting is to wash it with cold salt water, a pint of salt being allowed to a gallon of water. Matting requires very careful treatment. The salt water should not be applied with a brush, but with a soft flannel cloth, and the matting should be thoroughly dried afterward. If there are parts that are much soiled they should be rubbed with water and corn-meal. White matting that has assumed a disagreeable hue may be changed to a pale butter color by washing it with a weak solution of soda.

To clean white-painted woodwork, dip a flannel cloth in warm water and, after squeezing nearly dry, lightly dip it into a dish of whiting. Apply it to the woodwork, and very little rubbing will be required to take off the dirt. Wash the whiting off with clear water, and finish the work by drying with a soft cloth.

In putting away for possible future use materials which have already done service, care should be taken to put them in a good condition before storing them. Flowers, feathers, trimmings—or, indeed, any materials whatever—will only become more and more valueless with keeping if put away in a dusty, soiled or crumpled condition. But if first renovated as thoroughly as circumstances permit, and then carefully packed away, well protected with clean, soft, tissue paper they will look wonderfully fresh when the time comes for taking them out again.

Leather can be cleaned with turpentine, applied with a soft cloth. This will remove the stains, but will also slightly stiffen the leather, which must be made pliable again by rubbing briskly with crude oil. Use very little oil, and go over the leather with clean cloths, as the greatest care must be exercised to get all the surface grease off to prevent soiling the clothes.

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DAINTY IDEAS IN EMBROIDERY AND LACE.

VERY pretty monograms on sofa pillows seem to be the latest fad instead of the very ornately and elaborately embroidered specimens that we are acquainted with, and painting evidently shares equal honors with needlework. The designing of monograms has become quite an art by itself, and where we formerly saw only the smaller specimens used for table linen, we now have large and exquisite patterns, whose graceful lines are very pleasing to the eye. Two particularly pretty designs are shown on this page. The first may be either embroidered, painted or made with narrow ribbon, according to the uses to which it is to be put.

It may be enlarged, if meant for a sofa pillow or used in the size illustrated for table linen. In working it, the pattern will be decidedly improved if it is padded, that is for tablecloths and napkins,

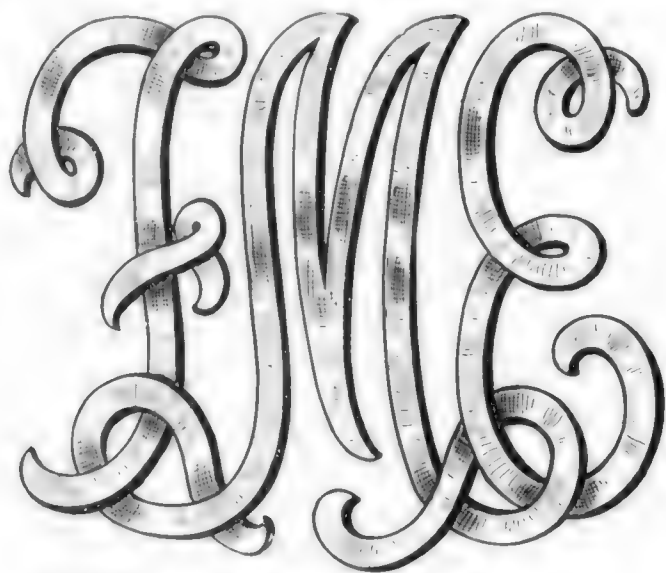
working patterns. Copy them carefully on a sheet of tracing paper and transfer them from this on bondpaper. In order to transfer from the bondpaper to the material the outline must be perfor-

for gowns, scarfs, boas, etc. Developed of either black or white braid, with silk of corresponding color, it will be very handsome. The other illustration shows a pair of wings that can be put to various uses.



A NEW KIND OF DECORATIVE PAINTING.

One of the most recent developments of artistic work is painting on wood, after the style of old Sheraton and Dutch furniture, which was fashionable about a century ago. It is very suitable for cabinets, cupboards, writing tables and any small article of furniture not likely to be affected by heat or dampness, or to receive a great deal of friction. The real charm of this painting on wood is to allow its delicate veining to show through transparent colors, and the way to produce an harmonious effect is to combine the tones of the sur-

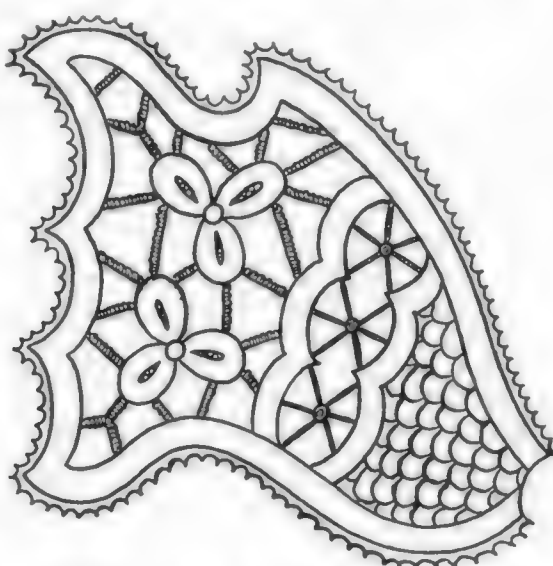


MONOGRAM.—This is a plain style that may be either embroidered or made with a narrow ribbon.

where it is worked with cotton, and also if used for a pillow, but if ribbon is employed for the development, the padding, of course, is done away with.

The second monogram is more elaborate and not quite so severe in its outlines.

Both the monograms and the lace designs are given in a sufficiently large size to be used as



POINT LACE WINGS.—Can be used in a hair ornament for evening wear or used in a dressy bonnet. Must have a fine satin wire or edge to keep the wings in shape.

ated, either with a very fine needle or with the sewing machine, of course, taking care to work it evenly, especially the monograms, because embroidery patterns require the greatest exactness, if they are to look well when worked.

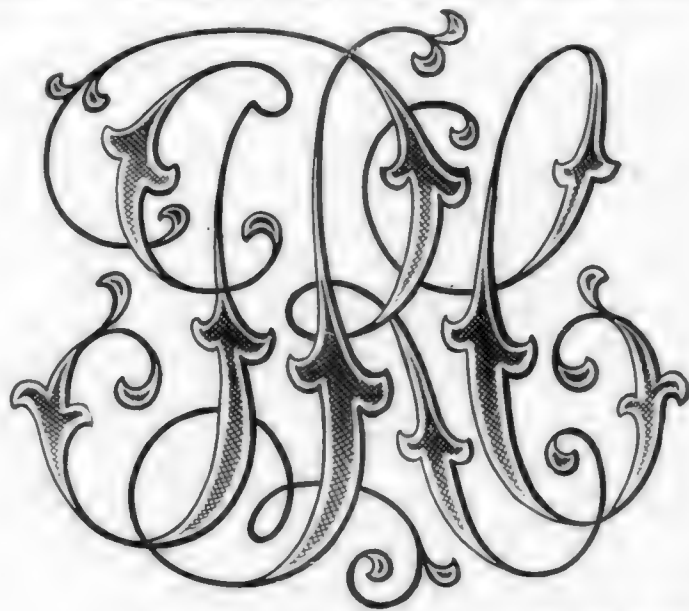
Two very pretty lace patterns are also illustrated. The butterfly can be utilized in a number of ways, either for tie-ends or as an incrustation

face of the wood and the colors employed, as in the famous inlaid shells of the Sheraton period, that were so often seen on tea-caddies or knife-boxes, and in the center of trays.

The object of this modern painting is to imitate inlay, and the drawing must be absolutely correct. The whole style must be that of flat ornamentation, done in broad strokes, and the sharp outlines



POINT LACE BUTTERFLY.—For tie ends or for a bonnet. Can also be used in centerpieces.



MONOGRAM.—An especially handsome one for table linen, or in a large size for a sofa pillow.

so characteristic of old inlay must be put in with sepia the very last thing before polishing.

The designs mostly used consist of dainty Watteau scenes with groups of shepherds and shepherdesses, bowknots, flower-baskets and subjects of a kindred nature.



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FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to Dress, Dressmaking, Millinery, the Toilet, Toilet Articles and Society Customs.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES.—The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

1st.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

2d.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, not for publication, as us to print with the answer to your questions.

3d.—Questions relating to dress should give personal description as to age, height, blonde, or brunette.

4th.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Miss T. D. S.—A dainty and novel mouchoir case may be made of an embroidered linen handkerchief. First, edge the handkerchief with narrow colored satin ribbon and then fold three of the corners over and tack them together to form a pocket. On the fourth corner fasten a rosette-bow of the ribbon which will make a pretty ornament for the case when closed.

Mrs. M. A. G.—You should certainly wear an evening gown to a church wedding in the evening, as it is correct for women to wear low neck now at any entertainment that is not in the nature of a public one. If you have reason to believe that there are only a few people invited to the wedding and to the reception, you can wear a smart, high-neck gown with unlined yoke and sleeves. It is perfectly proper to call on a bride after the cards are out.

Mrs. Ida L., N. Y.—When calling upon a married lady you leave, if she is not at home, one of your own and two of your husband's cards. If she is at home you leave in the hall, at the conclusion of your visit two of your husband's cards only. When calling upon a widow or unmarried lady, you leave, if not at home, one of your own and one of your husband's cards; if at home, one of your husband's cards only. You do not leave your own, as, having seen the lady, there is no need to do so, but if it is a first visit and you have an "At Home" day, you could leave your card with "At Home" day or days on it in the hall, to let her know what day you are "At Home," but you would not leave it at subsequent visits.

Miss L. D. T., St. Louis.—You must send an invitation to the wedding to every person who sends a present to either yourself or your fiancé and this whether they live at too great a distance to accept the invitation or not. You must return every visit that is paid to you, after

your wedding when you are settled in your new home.

Mrs. Edw. W., N. Y.—People are often prevented from sending a note of explanation after having accepted an invitation, when they find themselves, at the last moment, unable to go. In the same way, persons are often careless in writing their notes of regret when an invitation is received, omitting to state the reason. Nothing should ever be allowed to prevent the fulfilment of a courtesy, which is an obligation equally binding upon all.

Miss Jennie L., Conn.—You must write to acknowledge and thank for every present sent to you, as soon after receiving it as possible. You should not say anything about calling afterward, when you thank for the present. Any presents sent to the bridegroom are acknowledged by him and not by you.

Mrs. J. D. G.—We are informed that a piece of gum camphor placed in the clothes press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

Mrs. Geo. D. M., N. Y.—If you are very fastidious you may have bed sachets which will impart a delicate odor not alone to the room but to the bed also, if you are not satisfied with the perfume that attaches itself to the linen with the use of the ordinary sachet. These bed sachets are three feet long and thirteen inches wide. They are thrown across the bed when it is made and may also be placed in trunk trays or bureau drawers.

Mrs. S., St. Louis.—Regarding the selection of garnitures, the old rule, "The best is always the cheapest," still holds good. Nothing is more offensive than a garment covered with poor gimp, passementerie, braid, etc., etc. If one cannot afford to buy a good trimming, omit it altogether, or use stitching of some kind, in preference to an inferior quality of decoration.



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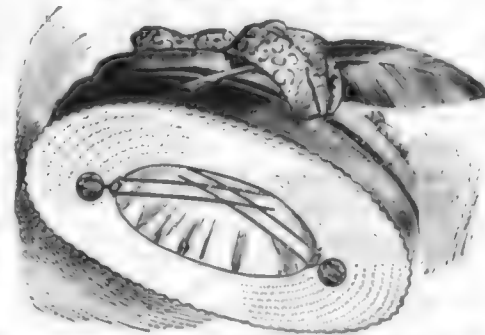
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A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.

By HAROLD WHITE.

(A New York Drawing Room During a Bad Quarter of an Hour, Which is Stretching out to Half, Before Dinner.)

Miss Gordon: I feel as though I had been born here. You were late enough, goodness knows.

Mrs. Baring: Yes, I look upon punctuality as the thief of time.

Miss Gordon: But this missing link is unforgeable. It is a man, too.

Mrs. Baring: Will be, to be Darwinian, dear.

(Enter hurriedly Richard Fenwick, bubbling with apologies.)

Miss Gordon: Good gracious!

(Dinner is announced. Fenwick is guided by the hostess's fan in the direction of the two ladies.)

Miss Gordon: Heaven grant it may be you.

Mrs. Baring: Heaven has my prayers to the same effect. But why yours?

Miss Gordon: Because I refused him yesterday.

Mrs. Baring: You—Oh, my prophetic soul, the Dean!

The Dean (unctuously to Mrs. Baring, offering his arm): Life has many consolations, Mrs. Baring.

Mrs. Baring (purposely misunderstanding him): I hope that iced soufflé will be one of them.

Fenwick (to Miss Gordon): I'm awfully sorry.

Miss Gordon (with an air of sweet seriousness suitable to his hard case): I know I am your misfortune, and not your fault.

Fenwick (perfectly cheerfully): Isn't it a curious thing? If you take particular care to avoid any one person, you are bound to meet him or her twice as often as anybody else. If you enter a cable car or the "L," he is there. If you climb up to the top of Popocatepetl, he is there. (Miss Gordon comes to the conclusion that it is bad taste to use Scriptural phraseology when you are talking nonsense.) If you avoid him by a yachting cruise, he comes on deck as soon as the anchor's weighed. The fact is, Fortune doesn't shuffle her cards properly.

Miss Gordon (who is, somehow, not quite pleased with the way he has put things, coldly): Fortune has, indeed, dealt your hand badly for you to-night.

Fenwick: Never mind. I promise to devote myself entirely to my off-side neighbor. I wonder who it is to be—oh (with undisguised pleasure), it is, apparently, Rose Boycott.

Miss Gordon (a casual glance has shown her that Rosie's hair is done in a particularly becoming manner, which she makes up her mind to regard as "barmaidish"): Isn't that rather going to extremes?

Fenwick (eagerly): May I talk to you? That is jolly. I love talking to you. You're so sensible.

Miss Gordon: Oh! (*solito voce*) Isn't Miss Boycott sensible?

Fenwick (apparently ignoring the question): I believe men always make love to a certain sort of girl because they know that she won't understand in the least any other subject of conversation they might bring up.

Miss Gordon (thinking that the obvious interpretation of his sentence is that if he does talk to Rosie Boycott he will make love to her, and look-

ing upon it as, under the circumstances, insulting, she is not gracious. Besides there is an indefinable something about "sensible" which suggests a lack of proper idolatry). May I ask why you think me sensible?

Fenwick: Oh, there are any number of reasons. Why, yesterday—don't mind my blurting on an awkward subject—I am sure that you had awfully good reasons for—for telling me what you did.

Miss Gordon is saved the necessity of replying by Fenwick's attention being claimed by Miss Rosie. During the next few minutes she has the opportunity of observing that Miss Rosie's white shoulders are shaking with laughter, that Fenwick's back is broad and well-fitted, and that his neat head is bent in the most interested manner in Miss Rosie's direction. Her glimpses leave her vaguely wondering whether it is possible that he does not greatly care.

Fenwick (leaving a laugh behind him and returning to the "sensible" theme): I would always take your opinion about anything. I think you would make up your mind about a thing and stick to it, you know. I sha'n't forget that you told me yesterday that you would always take a sort of interest in me and I shall come and bother you whenever I get into a muddle or anything. I sha'n't mind telling you all about it, and I know you'll give me good advice.

Miss Gordon (not thoroughly pleased by this ready adoption of the brother and sister relation and the prospect of possible love confidences, would be silent, but the fact that Miss Rosie is unoccupied on his other side prompts her to say something): Why were you so late? There would have been thirteen if you had not come.

Fenwick: Usual excuse. Cab horse fell down. It isn't original, but it is true.

Miss Gordon: Were you hurt?

Fenwick: Oh, no.

Miss Gordon: Then why do you keep your left hand under the table?

Fenwick: My wrist did not behave properly in an encounter with the asphalt, and the chemist has made an untidy job of it.

Miss Gordon: Then you are hurt?

Fenwick: It's a mere nothing. It's a nuisance in one way, of course. It prevents my going off to-morrow.

Miss Gordon (softly, with a not entirely unpleasant vision in her mind's eye of Fenwick treasuring a sacred memory on some arid veldt). You were going to-morrow? Why?

Fenwick (quite cheerfully): Oh, I looked upon it as usual under the circumstances. Besides, it's a good thing. Avoids awkward questions and *contretemps* for a week or two, till—(pauses, as though it is thoroughly understood that in a week or two neither will have the faintest recollection of what had occurred).

Miss Gordon (damped): And where are you going?

Fenwick: Oh, Palm Beach first, and then on, you know. We mean to have a good time.

The expressed intention of having "a good time" freezes for the moment Miss Gordon's flow of speech, and Rosie Boycott breaks in with a bridge problem. It is an idiotic doubt as to whether you may declare trumps to be a suit which you don't hold at all, and is obviously put forward with the sole object of engaging Fen-

wick's attention. Blind to the artfulness of the device, he enters into the discussion with zest and most manifest enjoyment. Although the conversation cannot possibly interest her, Miss Gordon finds that she has heard considerably more of it than of the remarks essayed by her other neighbor on the possibility of there being thirteen in number, and the likelihood of one of them dying if there had been.

Miss Gordon's other neighbor (with a stentorian effort): Most extraordinary thing, Miss Gordon. Told lots of men about it. Every man of 'em said, "By Jove!" The very night before the Gold Cup, dreamed I saw No. 13 go up. Saw it as clearly as if I'd been awake. Would you believe it, No. 13 won the very next race to the Gold Cup? And what I say is this, that that proves that thirteen isn't an unlucky number.

Miss Gordon (vaguely): Really! How fortunate!

The bridge problem has been shelved, and Miss Rosie has found out about the damaged wrist. Her pretty eyes are full of sympathy. Miss Gordon is of course aware that this is simply a trick, but Fenwick, poor boy, is too trustful to perceive it. He even seems to like the simulated solicitude. His replies to Miss Rosie's questionings are not so curt and indifferent as they were to her own on the same subject. Miss Rosie, too, is taking a good deal of trouble to be interested, and she is, as a rule, rather particular as to the man she makes a fool of. The words, "the poor wrist," come to Miss Gordon's ears, uttered in tones which would be seductive to poor, stupid males. The thought grows strong in Miss Gordon's mind that it is the duty of a good woman to rescue this poor mortal from a Circe's wiles. Even a sacrifice of some personal dignity should be made in order to do so. She therefore breaks in a little hastily:

I do hope it is better?

Fenwick: Ever so much, thanks.

Miss Gordon (determined that his attention shall not be wiled away again): You must not risk a hansom back.

Fenwick: Am I condemned to a four-wheeler? (His eyes are wandering in the direction of Miss Rosie's hands, which are rolling bread crumbs. This is obviously another wile.)

Miss Gordon: I came alone in the brougham. It might take you back.

Fenwick: Do you know it's most unlucky. I said something about going back with the Laughtons and playing—

Miss Gordon (turning her head): Oh, then, of course—

Fenwick: But I'll say I have a previous engagement.

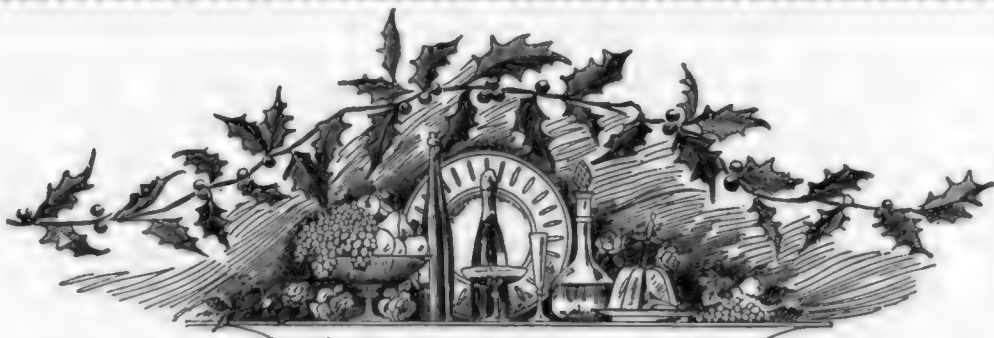
The importance of this young man's rescue looms gigantic. A fit of indifference might ruin it quite. Miss Gordon relents and turns her eyes: Is it worth a falsehood?

Fenwick (and his voice, as Miss Gordon remarks, is quite different): Of course, if I said it was an engagement, it would have to be an—engagement.

By means of some sort of wireless telegraphy an interrogatory significance is given to this remark, and by the same method an answer is conveyed. The success of this scientific experiment demands that Miss Gordon's hand and Mr. Fenwick's wounded member should meet underneath the table. Their happy belief in the surreptitious nature of the proceeding is somewhat shattered on catching the look of amazement in the Dean's eye, and there follows a short but painful pause. Presently, however, the presence of each other shuts out the existence of mere other people.

Miss Gordon (softly): How little you understand women, Dick.

Fenwick: H'm!



USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

THE season for entertaining is now here, and a great many little luncheons are given for the young debutantes, as well as the matrons. With this in view, I give, through the columns of the PICTORIAL REVIEW, four luncheons; some very elaborate and some plainer. The quantity given in the recipes will be sufficient for six people, which, if the guests are all congenial, makes a very enjoyable affair.

Luncheon (ELABORATE)

Oysters on the half shell.
Buttered Brown Bread.
Bouillon en Tasse.
Celery.
Lobster Croquettes.
Olives. Radishes. Salted Almonds.
Creamed Sweetbreads.
Broiled Filet Steaks.
Potato Croquettes.
Sherbet.
Broiled Quail.
Lettuce Salad.
Ice Cream.
Candied Apricots. Fruit. Bonbons.
Chocolate with Whipped Cream.

Bouillon.

Cut in small pieces, three pounds of solid beef, pour on it two quarts of cold water. Place it on the back of the range and let it gradually warm for one hour, then bring the pot forward and let it come to a boil, remove and allow it to simmer for several hours. Take off the fire, strain and set it away until morning. Remove all fat from the top; and add one small onion, one stalk of celery, two or three leaves of sage, thyme and bay leaf, two sprigs of parsley, six whole pepper corns, six whole cloves and salt to taste. Boil all gently for half an hour, strain through an old napkin and serve hot in bouillon cups.

To Dress Celery.

Put the celery on the ice an hour before dressing. Cut the green part off. Cut the large stalks into lengths of four or five inches, slit one about four times and curl the edges with a sharp knife. Put in ice water until time of serving.

Lobster Croquettes.

Boil the lobsters, cut them very fine and season with salt and pepper. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, when melted stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour until it becomes yellow. Then add one cup of milk, and stir until creamy, then add the minced lobster until very hot. Put on a dish to cool, stand in the ice box.

Make into croquettes, roll in beaten egg and bread crumbs, fry in hot fat and serve at once.

Creamed Sweetbreads.

Parboil the sweetbreads for fifteen minutes; drop them in cold water, clean the skin off and cut up very fine. Make a cream sauce by melting one tablespoonful of butter and stirring into it a tablespoonful of flour, and slowly so to keep it smooth, adding one cupful of milk. When well and smoothly cooked, pour into it the cut-up sweetbreads and some very finely-chopped parsley. Flavor to taste with sherry or Madeira wine, serve at once in fine ramekins.

Potato Croquettes.

Boil and mash one quart of potatoes, season with butter and salt and beat thoroughly, add two well-beaten eggs and roll into balls. Roll in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Lemon Sherbet.

Rub one quart of cut sugar on nine lemons, add to it the juice of the lemons and two quarts of water. When all is melted, stir into it two whole, well-beaten eggs. Freeze and serve in glasses.

Broiled Quail.

Split the quail through the back and broil over a slow fire. When well cooked, serve on a dish with a little melted butter, chopped parsley, pepper, salt and the juice of a lemon. Garnish with slices of lemon, water cresses and diamonds of fried bread. Cut the bread in diamonds, drop in melted butter and set it in a pan in a hot oven for a few minutes.

French Dressing for Salads.

One saltspoonful of salt, and a half of white pepper, mix in three tablespoonfuls of good olive oil, beat well and add one-quarter teaspoonful onion juice and one large tablespoonful of good white vinegar.

Less Elaborate Luncheon.

Clam Broth.
Ham Toast.
Cold Turkey garnished with Cranberry Jelly.
Bird's Nest. Celery Salad. Hickory Nut Cake.
Coffee.

Clam Broth.

Take twenty hard-shell clams, with their liquor, chop them not so very fine and add as much water as there is liquor, one small onion, two tomatoes, and four sprigs of parsley. Cook slowly three hours. Half an hour before it is done, put into

the broth a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Strain before serving.

Ham Toast.

Take four tablespoonfuls of boiled and grated ham, add four tablespoonfuls of cream, four yolks of eggs well-beaten and a little pepper. Mix well and heat over the fire stirring all the time. Spread some of the mixture on nicely-buttered toast and serve individually.

Celery Salad.

Cut the white stalks of celery into pieces half an inch long; to every pint of these allow half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Dust the celery lightly with salt and pepper, and then mix it with the dressing. Heap it on a cold plate, garnish with the tips of the celery and serve very cold.

Bird's Nest.

Mix together one-fourth pound of sweet chocolate, one-half box of gelatine, one quart sweet milk and one coffee cup of sugar. Pour all in a dish, set the dish in a pan of water and allow it to boil for an hour. Blow out six eggs and fill with the above blanc mange. When cold, break the shells very gently, place them in center of a round dish, garnish with apple sauce, and serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Hickory Nut Cake.

Beat two cups of butter with two cups of sugar until creamy, then add slowly four beaten whole eggs, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cupfuls of chopped hickory nuts. Flavor with vanilla, and bake in a round cake pan.

Lettuce and Cucumber Salad.

Cut three heads of lettuce in nice even strips; put it in a bowl and make a ring around the bowl with peeled and sliced cucumbers. Then pour the following dressing over lettuce and cucumbers. Rub the yolks of three hard boiled eggs to a powder, add three teaspoonfuls of salad oil, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of white sugar, one teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of white pepper. Beat it well and let it stand for ten minutes, then mix in slowly five tablespoonfuls of good white vinegar.



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DESCRIPTIONS OF PLATES.

SPORTING COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 955.—Sporting costume of plaid material. Jacket has collar, cuffs and pockets of plain cloth. Pattern, jacket, \$1.50; skirt, \$1.50.

Fig. 956.—Skating costume of cloth, trimmed with stitched straps of dark and light cloth. Light cloth vests with fur edging. Pattern, jacket, \$1.50; skirt, \$1.50.

Fig. 957.—Golf costume of mixed goods. Jacket trimmed with velvet or taffeta collar and cuffs. Vest of light cloth. Skirt trimmed with stitched straps. Pattern, jacket, \$1.50; skirt, \$1.50.

SMART TAILOR-MADES.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 941.—Cloth costume. Fly-front jacket, cut with deep velvet collar and small revers. Skirt trimmed in yoke effect with straps. Pattern, jacket, \$1.50; skirt, \$1.50.

Fig. 942.—Costume of fancy suiting. Norfolk jacket. Double breasted vest of light cloth. Skirt with new plait effect. Pattern, jacket, \$1.50; skirt, \$1.50.

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 686.—Bridesmaid's gown of pink Louisine. Corsage with surplice effect, yoke of tucked Louisine, alternating with lace bands. Skirt trimmed with lace and plaited ruffle. Pattern, corsage, 50c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 687.—Bridal gown of ivory-white poul de soie. Waist tucked in clusters, shirred chiffon yoke, bordered with flounces of lace and poul de soie. Trained skirt, shirred panel front. Pattern, waist, \$1.00; skirt, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

THREE SMART BALL GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 675.—Gown of ecru lace over taffeta. Décolleté waist with bolero effect and garniture of chiffon folds and rosettes. Pattern, waist, 50c; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 676.—Gown of white lace over taffeta. Décolleté corsage, skirt with flounce effect. Garniture of pale-pink roses. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 75c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 677.—Gown of black point d'esprit over white taffeta. Décolleté waist trimmed with ruffles and narrow velvet ribbon. Skirt trimmed with Chantilly insertion and ruffles. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

ATTRACTIVE SILK WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. E.—Waist of tucked taffeta or moiré, overlapping front, cut into tabs fastening over lace jabot. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. F.—Waist of tucked taffeta or peau de soie, trimmed with velvet ribbon and lace appliqué. Chiffon jabot. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. G.—Waist of tucked taffeta or peau de soie, trimmed with lace insertion. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. H.—Waist of taffeta or Liberty satin, deep tucked yoke, narrow extension vest of panne, trimmed with lace insertion and lace revers. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

PRETTY EVENING WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 666.—Waist of point d'esprit, trimmed with shirring and narrow ruffles, edged with velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 667.—Waist of old-rose crêpe de Chine,

box-plaits, alternating with embroidery. Yoke and collar of chiffon, trimmed with lace appliqué. New sleeve. Pattern, 75c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 668.—Décolleté waist of white chiffon, trimmed with lace appliqué and ruffles. Shoulder straps and belt trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 669.—Waist of pink Liberty silk, plaited chiffon vest, trimmed with lace collar and straps, narrow velvet piping, new sleeve. Pattern, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 670.—Waist of black Chantilly lace over white taffeta. Yoke of white lace, collar of tucked chiffon, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

CHIC BALL ATTIRE.

(Illustrated on page 15.)

Fig. 694.—Gown of old-rose Sicillienne. Décolleté waist, tucks alternating with lace insertion, trimmed with ruffles. Flounce skirt. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 75c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 695.—Gown of pale-blue Liberty silk. Décolleté waist trimmed with lace berthe. Skirt trimmed with lace insertion. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 696.—Gown of very pale-yellow Louisine, trimmed with ecru lace insertion and chiffon ruffles, edged with black velvet ribbon. Flounce skirt. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 75c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

ATTRACTIVE STREET GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 672.—Gown of dotted cloth. Blouse waist tucked in clusters, yoke and revers of stitched white panne, trimmed with braiding and lace. Panel skirt trimmed with folds. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 50c.

Fig. 673.—Gown of biscuit panne cloth. Blouse waist. Edges laced with velvet ribbon. Sleeve slashed over puff of contrasting color. Skirt tucked at hips and ornamented with fancy stitching at hem. Pattern, waist, 75c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 674.—Gown of dark-blue cheviot. Waist and skirt tucked in clusters and embroidered with white silk dots. Lace yoke and stock collar. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

HANDSOME STREET GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 688.—Cloth gown, draped blouse waist, new sleeve, trimmed with velvet ribbon straps and buttons. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 689.—Gown of zibeline. Blouse waist opens over chiffon vest and is trimmed with lace appliqué and satin folds. Velvet ribbon lacing. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 690.—Cloth gown trimmed with straps or braid of contrasting color. New sleeve. Pattern, waist, 50c.; skirt, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

TAFFETA DRESS SKIRTS.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

S31.—Skirt of tucked taffeta or peau de soie, flounce, trimmed with velvet or moiré straps. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

S32.—Skirt of tucked taffeta or peau de soie, trimmed with tucked diamonds, framed with moiré straps, gathered flounce. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

S33.—Skirt of taffeta, Sicillienne or peau de soie, wide tucks, trimmed with lace insertion and moiré straps. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

S34.—Net skirt over taffeta, trimmed with ruffles and moiré straps drawn through rings. Pattern, 50c. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

S35.—Skirt of Louisine or peau de soie, cut in scollops and trimmed with appliqué. Gathered flounce. Pattern, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

GIRLS' PARTY FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 678.—Frock of pale-pink Liberty silk. Tucked waist, and skirt trimmed with lace insertion. Lace berthe. Narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 679.—Frock of old-rose silk and wool goods. Waist has tucked yoke of taffeta, and is trimmed with lace insertion. Skirt with tucked flounce. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 680.—Frock of cream Liberty silk. Waist tucked in yoke effect, and trimmed like the skirt with blue or pink velvet or satin ribbon. New sleeve. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 681.—Frock of pale-blue voile. Waist gathered, and trimmed in bolero effect with plain voile, and lace insertion threaded with velvet or satin ribbon. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

GIRLS' DANCING FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 682.—Frock of figured China silk, trimmed with plain silk. Waist tucked in yoke effect. New sleeve. Pattern, frock, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 683.—Frock of dotted Liberty silk, trimmed with draped panne satin held in place with appliqué panne flowers. Waist tucked in yoke effect. Elbow sleeve. Pattern, frock, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 684.—Frock of white mull, trimmed with narrow ruffles and lace insertion. Sleeves tied with velvet ribbon. Pattern, frock, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 685.—Frock of white silk organdy. Blouse waist with shirred yoke and sleeve. Skirt trimmed with ruffles and fancy straps. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

ATTRACTIVE DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 690.—Dress of biscuit cashmere. Waist tucked in clusters and mounted on tucked yoke, trimmed with straps and buttons. Skirt with inverted plaits. Pattern, dress, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 691.—Dress of white cashmere or Viyella, trimmed with embroidered insertion and ruffles. Pattern, dress, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 692.—Dress of pale-blue Liberty silk. Waist trimmed with shirring and loops of black velvet ribbon. Flounce skirt. Pattern, dress, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 693.—Dress of tan cloth. Waist with tucks and yoke effect, opening over chiffon or silk vest, trimmed with narrow fur bands. Similar garniture on skirt. Pattern, dress, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

DAINTY CLOTH FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 697.—Frock of brown cloth. Waist with new box-plait effect and lace yoke. Tucked skirt. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure 25c. extra.

Fig. 698.—Frock of plaid cloth, trimmed in box-plait effect with stitched straps, also straps of plain material, edged with taffeta. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 699.—Frock of tan cloth; waist with yoke and box-plait effect, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon. Similar arrangement on skirt. Pattern, frock, \$1.00. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

Fig. 700.—Frock of gray cashmere. Tucked waist and skirt. Yoke, collar, cuffs and belt of royal-blue velvet, trimmed with straps. Pattern, frock, 75c. Cut to measure, 25c. extra.

SOME EXTRA SENSES.

AMONG the senses that, for want of a better name, we will call the "extra ones," common sense should certainly be accorded the first and foremost place, for is it not the one that is most urgently needed by everybody in managing the ordinary affairs of daily life?

The reason, according to written authority, why this particular sense has thus been named is because it is the sense which is common to all the five, or the point where the five senses meet, supposed to be the seat of the soul, where it judges what is presented by the senses, and decides the mode of action.

If this is the case—and we do not wish for a moment to doubt it—everyone must possess a certain amount of common sense to begin with, and, therefore, we may suppose that when it appears to be wanting, as it often does, it is really there but too weak and helpless from want of use to be of material benefit or to make its presence known, or its judgments obeyed. Any sense, if neglected and kept in abeyance, will in course of time lose its power and strength until at length it will be lost altogether. Now, this is exactly what some people do in regard to the common sense Nature has bestowed upon them. They make so little use of it, push it so far in the background, that at last they forget they ever had any in their possession.

Others, again, are apt to confuse this particular sense with another phrase that has the same prefix, and erroneously imagine that common sense and commonplace are one and the same thing, and rather than be thought the latter, do their best to hide every sight and symptom of the former. It is really a pity that this good and useful sense, this precious birth-gift of Nature, should be labeled as "common." Such a title is quite enough to impair its usefulness and make it unpopular, for many are apt not only to confuse it with commonplace, but to connect it with the common round of daily life, which, to not a few among us, means dullness and monotony.

If we would only believe it, it is the people who make use of their common sense who make life—the daily, simple home life—most happy and pleasant to their family and friends. Do we not all know someone—fortunate if it be not many a one—"who talks and acts as if he or she had not a grain of common sense, who has no sweet reasonableness, either in words or deeds."

To its possessor, common sense is the best and most useful of friends. It helps him along the dull, hard highroad of daily life, points out to

him its duties, shows the way that is best and wisest to follow, and helps him to understand the real nature of the many attractive make-believes that so often tempt him to turn aside, sometimes to his own undoing.

Yes, common sense is the best of guides, even if his company is somewhat dull and prosaic, and his attire not always the garb of fashion. He may be trusted also to show us how to make the best of our circumstances, of ourselves and our friends, will teach us to look at life's duties, pleasures, and sorrows wisely and rationally, and to take a broad and sensible view of our surroundings—in other words, we will live and act according to the dictates of common sense, and in so doing mutually benefit ourselves and our neighbors.

THE GRACILE GLIDE.

The kangaroo walk is now out of date. Its successor, which New York women are now diligently practicing in private is the "gracile glide."

The latter is built upon a correct and substantial idea—the Delsarte idea which carries the chest forward, the head easily, and allows the much discussed shoulders to take care of themselves. The "gracile glide" has this one point in common with the "kangaroo" walk—in both the chest is supposed to lead.

The horrible kangaroo style began in most correct motives, the desire to straighten the shoulders rounded by careless sitting and lounging, and the stooping forward of the bicycle rider, and the attempt to have the chest lead instead of the feet. Like many other horrors and monstrosities, the kangaroo mode of locomotion is as much of a deformity as a sunken chest and crooked shoulders. The straight front corset is a step in the right direction, although a great many claim that the back should also be as straight, as it is possible to make it. However, this is a matter of opinion. This point settled, the woman who wants to adopt the "gracile glide" must pay special attention to her feet.

There are three essentials for good walking: First, be careful always to walk in a straight line—that is to walk straight forward, not waver, hesitate, or swing here, there and everywhere.

Second, keep the weight always over the ball or toe of the forward foot. "Perpetuation of harmonic poise" is thus secured and maintained, and walking ceases to be a series of jerks or hitches.

Third, always walk from—not with—the hips. The upper part of the body should be held quite immovable. The chest, before commencing to

walk—all the time, in fact, should be lifted and held well forward. If this is done properly, the head, shoulders and all the rest of the torso will fall into and retain good position. Deep breathing will follow naturally and the whole body will become alive and graceful.

Then, for special directions in regard to the "gracile glide," remember to let the chest always lead and hold the weight of the body for the briefest possible intervals on the front foot before giving the little movement of propulsion which comes from the toe of the rear foot, still touching the ground. In other words, walking, as everybody knows, is a series of forward falls. When the feet lead, these falls are jerky and ungraceful. But if the walker is careful to keep the weight of the body always over the ball or toe of that forward foot, and to keep the toes of the rear foot on the ground for just a moment after she is ready to bring it to position in front, the "perpetuation of harmonic poise" before alluded to, is maintained, unbrokenly, and the movement is easy, gliding and graceful.

The whole foot should strike the ground at once, practically, but it should all happen so quickly that the ball of the forward foot really receives the weight of the body. Then, an instant after, the little spring, or movement of propulsion given by the rear foot, will carry the body forward again in a most graceful manner. The foot which was in front then becomes the rear foot, naturally, and takes its turn at giving the spring or forward impulse.

The "gracile glide" gives a woman the appearance of floating rather than covering the ground by more ordinary means.

APHORISMS.

When a man tramples all over the flower beds in a woman's heart, it is because he doesn't know any better, and is so dull he can't read the "keep off the grass" sign.

* * *
"If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me."
* * *

Beauty is like a temple whose external adornments alone can be seen by the uninitiated. The divine mystery of the thought of the artist appeals only to grand sympathies, and in the least detail of the sublime work is an inspiration which escapes the vulgar mind. GEORGES SAND.

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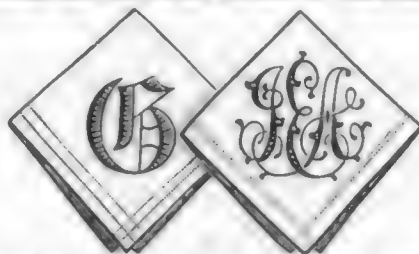
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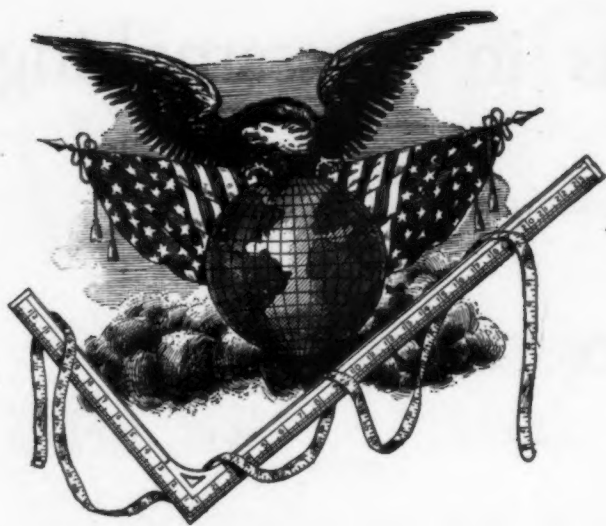


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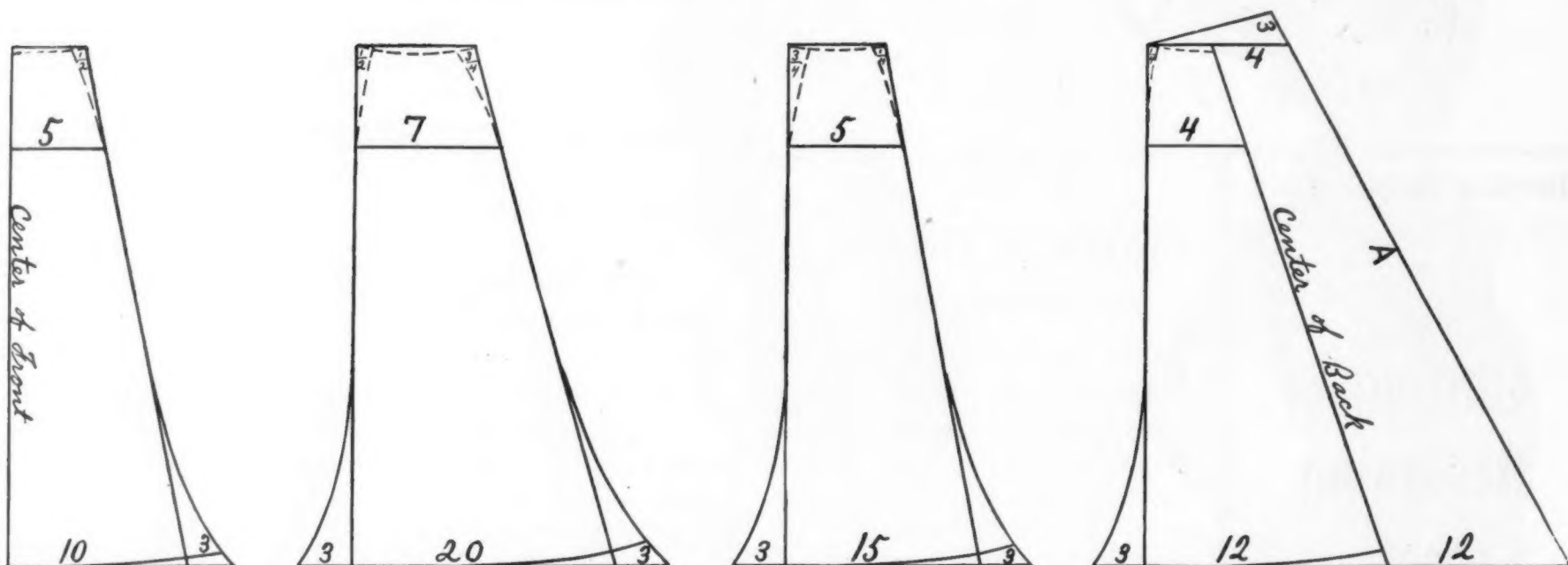
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Seven Gored Flare Skirt



To draft a flare skirt we first draft a plain gored skirt and then add the flare extra. You can add as much flare as you desire. We will draft this skirt to 25 waist, 42 hip; 41 front length, 42 side length and 43 back length. The skirt will have an inverted pleat in the back; since the goods is added extra to form the pleat, we do not consider it in dividing up the hip measure. The 7 plain gores must cover the entire hip measure. Since we cut only half of the pattern, we will need to cover one-half of 42 which is 21 inches. It will require one-half of the 7 gores or $3\frac{1}{2}$ gores to cover 21 inches.

THE FRONT GORE.

The first piece we draft is the half gore, which is half of the front gore. Use the edge of the paper next to you for the centre of the front, square out at the top for the waist line and measure down 5 inches and make a mark for the hip; square out at the hip 5 inches; measure down from the waist line the front length, 41 inches, and square out at the bottom about 10 inches. Draw a straight line from the end of this line to the waist, having it join the end of the hip line. Measure from the waist line down this bias line 41 inches and curve to the centre of the gore. Measure up from this curve line at the bottom about 18 inches and make a mark; then measure out at the bottom about 3 inches and add the flare, as shown by the curve line.

THE FIRST SIDE GORE.

Measure back from the straight edge of the paper 3 inches and draw a straight line 41 inches; square out at the top for the waist line and measure down 5 inches and square out 7 inches for the hip; draw a straight line at the bottom about 20 inches; connect this line with the waist line by having it join the hip line. Measure down from the waist on this bias line, 42 inches and curve back to the centre of the gore. Measure up from the bottom of the skirt, on both sides of this gore 18 inches, also measure out 3 inches at the bottom and add the flare. This can be either a straight or curved line as you may desire.

THE SECOND SIDE GORE.

Proceed in the same manner as you did for the first side gore by measuring back from the edge of the paper 3 inches and draw a straight line 42 inches long. The straight edge of this gore must be the same length as the bias edge of the preceding gore. Square out at the top for the waist line and measure down 5 inches for the hip; draw hip line 5 inches long. Square out at the bottom about 15 inches and join this line and the waist line by

a straight line that will meet the hip line. Measure down this bias line 43 inches and curve back to the centre of the gore. Measure up 18 inches and out at the bottom 3 inches and add the flare.

THE BACK GORE.

Measure back from the straight edge of the paper 3 inches and draw a straight line 43 inches long; square out at the top for the waist line and measure down 5 inches for the hip line and make it 4 inches long; square out at the bottom 12 inches and draw a straight line from this point to the waist, being careful to have it join the hip line. Drop the waist line down about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the centre of the back, as shown by the dotted line; now measure from the dotted line down the centre of back 43 inches and curve back to the centre of the gore. Measure up the straight side of this gore 18 inches and make a mark; measure out 3 inches at the bottom and add the flare.

This gives us a plain saddle-back skirt. If you desire a side pleat, it is necessary to add extra goods to make the pleat. This is done by adding about 4 or 5 inches at the waist line and three times the amount at the bottom. Join these two lines with the straight line marked A, and extend this line about 3 inches above the waist line, as shown on the cut. To form the pleat, fold the pattern on the line marked "centre of back," and lay this fold edge over to line A, with the pleat laid in this position, cut the bottom of the gore off on the curved line and the top on the dotted line. This will give you the proper shape at the top and bottom. Never cut the top or bottom of this gore off until you have the pleat folded in place.

THE WAIST LINE.

These $3\frac{1}{2}$ gores must cover just half of the waist measure. The waist was 25 inches, one-half of which is $12\frac{1}{2}$. Measure the front gore at the waist line and also the two side gores and the back gore at waist line, being careful to measure the back gore to the line marked "centre of back" only. Add them all together and we will suppose they measured $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Since we need only $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches, we will have the difference between $15\frac{1}{2}$ and $12\frac{1}{2}$, which is 3 inches, to be taken out in darts. You can take 1 inch out of the front seam by measuring in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch on each side and curve down to the hip, as shown by the dotted lines. Take $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch dart out of the seam that comes over the hip by measuring in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch on each side, as shown on the cut. One-half inch can be taken out of the back seam by measuring in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch on each side. Shape the top of the gores as shown by the dotted lines.

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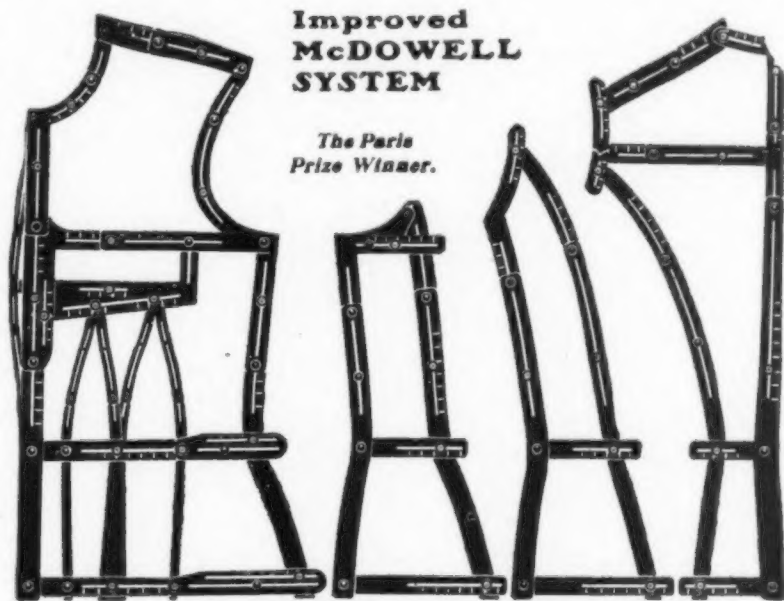
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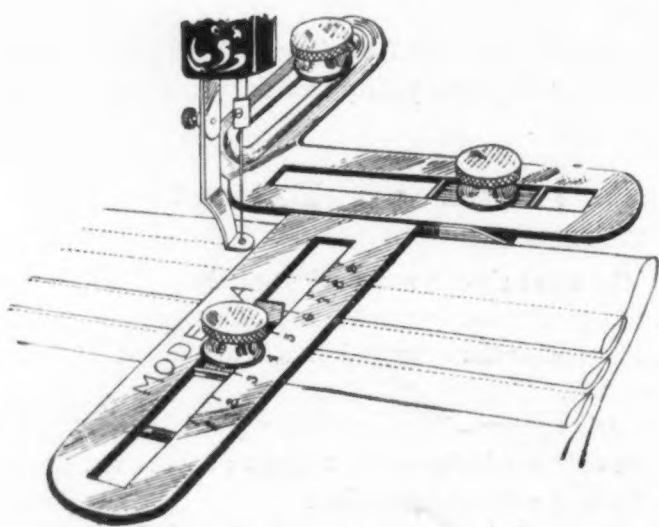
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